

RAIDERS • BEATLES • HERMAN

NOV / 25c

16¹⁶⁶

PDC

MAGAZINE

100 'SUPER-BOSS' NEW PIX
KISSABLE KOLOR PIN-UPS
WIN THEIR OWN CLOTHES
SHARE THEIR SECRET LIVES
THEIR HOUR OF TERROR

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DD & B YOUR DATE
WITH THEM

50 NEW ALL-STAR
ADDRESSES

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60 THINGS
WE NEVER
TOLD
BEFORE!

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WIN HIS PONYTAIL

STONES
VISIT THEIR HOMES

SALLY FIELDS'
SAD FAREWELL

RAVE-UPS ON
JAY NORTH
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MINDBENDERS
BEACHBOYS
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Love Ya -
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H.I. /
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NOVEMBER 1966

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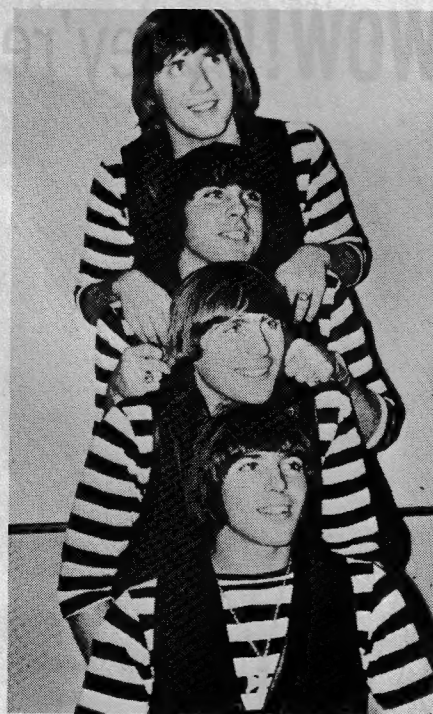
16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

STOP! RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE ■ AND GET ALL THE LATEST GROUP SCOOPS FROM OUR OWN RESIDENT GENIUS—CLAY COLE!

MARVY MINDBENDERS took a bead on 16 and said, "Root all the way for Ashes To Ashes, or else!" Root! Root! Root! Don't miss Jay & The Americans' fantastic U-A LP, *Livin' Above Your Head* . . . Same goes for Syndicate of Sound's *Little Girl* LP on Bell . . . Sir Douglas Quintet has some new members and their *Tribe* LP, *The Best Of The Sir Douglas Quintet*, features, *She's About A Mover*—which moves! . . . I'm going all the way out on my limb (doesn't matter, I've fallen out of my tree thousands of times already) and telling you that the Robbs are going to make it all the way. They are talented and handsome. They have that "something" that makes you 16-ers sit up and freak out (I know from the letters you've been writing)—so let's hear it for the Robbs. (You will, you will.) . . . Those groovey guys, the McCoys, are real show-stealers when they go out with other acts on the road. Ought to headline their own show . . . Same goes for the Cyrkle.

A swinging new group is coming our way from good old Brooklyn (our next Liverpool, maybe?). They are the Chosen Five, and their first Scepter single is *I'll Guarantee You'll Get Stoned*. Don't miss . . . Tommy James & The Shondells have come through with another single hit and are roaring along with their outasite *Roulette* LP, *Hanky Panky*.

Another group member who is wingin' it is Gene Clark, former Byrd. He has organized his own group called Gene Clark & The Group. He is doing public appearances in L.A. as he painstakingly re-works recording tapes to get a perfect sound before he catapults The Group into your ears—which will be happy when he does. Rave on, Gene!



The Robbs



Mindbenders



Jay & The Americans



The Syndicate Of Sound



Sir Douglas Quintet



The McCoys



The Cyrkle

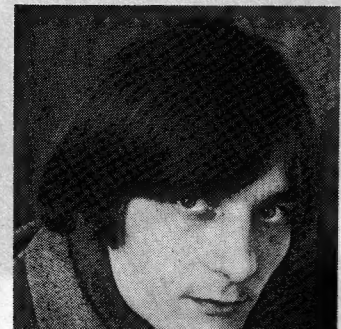
The Chosen Five



Tommy & Shondells



Gene Clark



16

**TOP FAVORITE
OF OVER
FIVE MILLION
TEENERS!**

VOL. 8

MAGAZINE

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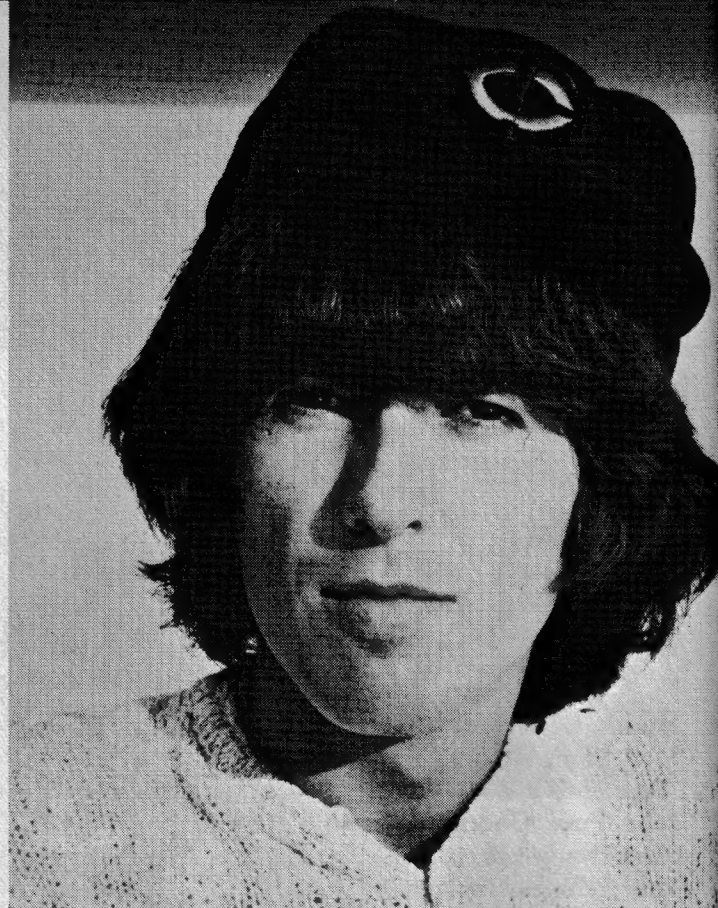
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16, Volume 8, Number 6, November, 1966, is published monthly by 16 Magazine, Inc. Office of Publication: 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 and 890 Stanley Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11208. Subscription (12 issues) \$3.00 in the U.S.A., single copy 25¢. Foreign prices upon request. Copyright 1966 by 16 Magazine, Inc. Reproduction in any manner, in whole or in part, in English or in other languages, prohibited. All right reserved throughout the world: Second-Class Postage Paid at New York, N.Y. and Sparta, Illinois. Printed in the U.S.A.

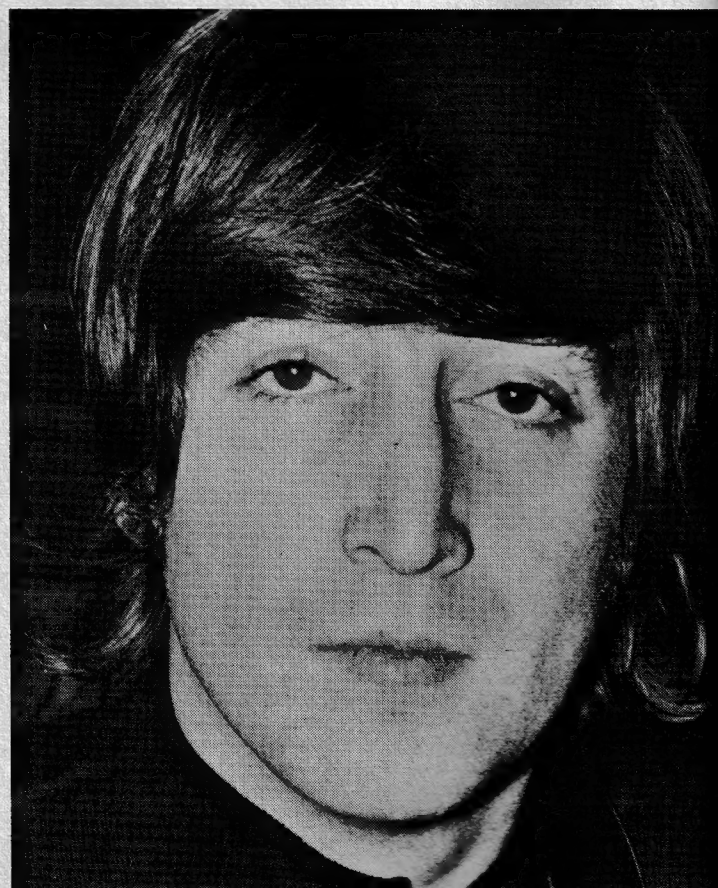




“THE BEATLES & ME”

by NEIL ASPINALL

The wild and wonderful happenings that befell the Fab Four in their personal-appearance trips to Germany and Japan.



BEFORE any overseas tour, the Beatles usually get into complicated discussions over which sets of stage suits they should take with them, but when we left for Munich at the beginning of the Germany/Far East tour on June 23 of this year there was no need for any decision-making on the subject of clothes. The boys had just received two entirely new sets of outfits made by one of London's newer boutiques—*Hung On You*.

One set of suits had big, round, cord-covered buttons and cord lapels. They were double-breasted, with five rows of buttons. They were in dark green. The other "uniforms" were a very light grey with thin orange stripes running down them. To go with the new gear, the boys chose an assortment of new shirts in a cool crepe-like material. (No ties at all for this trip.) The shirts were orange-yellow-straw-maroon-striped—colors which seemed to be suitably interchangeable with either set of suits. By now, something in the region of one million Beatle People all over America and Canada will have seen the new gear, as the boys used the *same* suits during their August tour.

Luckily, we flew into Munich a day before the first concerts. Luckily? Well, as soon as we got into the Bayerischer Hof (Bavarian Court) Hotel, Mal discovered that six pieces of baggage had failed to arrive. Packed among those pieces—stranded at London Airport—were the new suits. They had to be flown out on a later plane, but if we had been scheduled to do any shows that first Thursday evening I dread to think what the Beatles would have worn on stage!

That wasn't the only bit of confusion on arrival. "I know we asked for double rooms, but this is ridiculous," announced John, pointing to the *one* large bed in the room which he was to share with Ringo.

This is a misunderstanding which often crops up abroad—especially where "double room" and "twin-bedded room" get translated incorrectly by some clerk along the way. Usually, the Beatles share two bedrooms between them, with a suite and sitting-room adjoining, but it goes without saying that they want *two* single beds in each bedroom!

While we waited to be called for the afternoon press conference, Ringo tried out his new Polaroid camera. "All the pictures keep coming out with funny colors," he complained. "Look at this—red Beatles and a blue road manager!"

"Hey!" interrupted Paul, pointing at the front-page story in a local newspaper. "It says here *exactly* what we're going to eat for dinner tonight. Let's change the course of history and order salads instead!"

George read further down the column: "It also says that at 9:45 p.m. we're going swimming in the roof-top pool at the Bayerischer Hof. That's nice to know!"

It was almost as though there were hidden tape recorders, all over the place, because the Germans seemed to have this uncanny knack of printing what the Beatles were about to *do before they decided to do it!* They were right about the meals, but only a quarter right about the swimming. Paul was the only Beatle who fancied a late dip into the pool.



John practices in the hotel room in Munich.



Ringo relaxes.

The papers couldn't have guessed how the boys would pass the time between 11 o'clock that night and two o'clock the following morning. They made a rare decision—to hold a full-scale rehearsal session right there in the hotel suite, bringing in all their instruments and a couple of small amplifiers. The point was that the Beatles hadn't performed in public for ages. Their previous tour took them round the U.K. before Christmas 1965, and their only 1966 date had been at the beginning of May, when they starred in the *New Musical Express* poll winners' concert with the Stones, the Walker Brothers, and other top names at Wembley.

"The one we need to work on most is *Paperback Writer*," announced John. "We've got to get those harmony bits worked out."

Outside the Bayerischer Hof at midnight there was a heavy thunderstorm—and a crowd of at least 300 faithful fans! Inside, the Beatles went through all the numbers in their act—taking time out to decide how they would announce each song in German, a touch which later pleased the audiences in Munich, Essen and Hamburg.

After the two shows, we moved on from Munich to Essen, using our own private train for the eight-hour rail journey up to the north of Germany along the picturesque banks of the Rhine. There can't be a more comfortable train in the world. Everyone had an armchair. There was a proper dining room, individual "apartments" with beds and showers—even radios and telephones! We had chartered the same train used in 1965 by Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip, when they visited Germany.

It was during the Munich/Essen journey that the Beatles listened to the very first copy of their *Revolver* album, flown in from George Martin's office in London. They set up their portable player on the elegant dining-room sideboard and played through the first side while they tackled a luxurious lunch of trepang soup, tournados Rossini and ice cream "Furst Puckler" with waffles!

"At 1:30 we shall reach the Rhine," announced a helpful waiter. *In fact*, we saw the famous river for the first time at precisely 1:29 p.m.—by which time George and Paul had retired to bed and John was deep into a book. At 4:32 p.m. we were scheduled to pull in at a little station outside Essen. *In fact*, the train drew alongside the platform at 4:29 p.m.—an accomplishment that would put most the world's regular rail timetables to shame!

Straight after the two performances in the Essen Grugahalle, we went back to our train and traveled through to Hamburg by night. Waiting for us on board was another lavish meal, a late dinner for which the menu read:

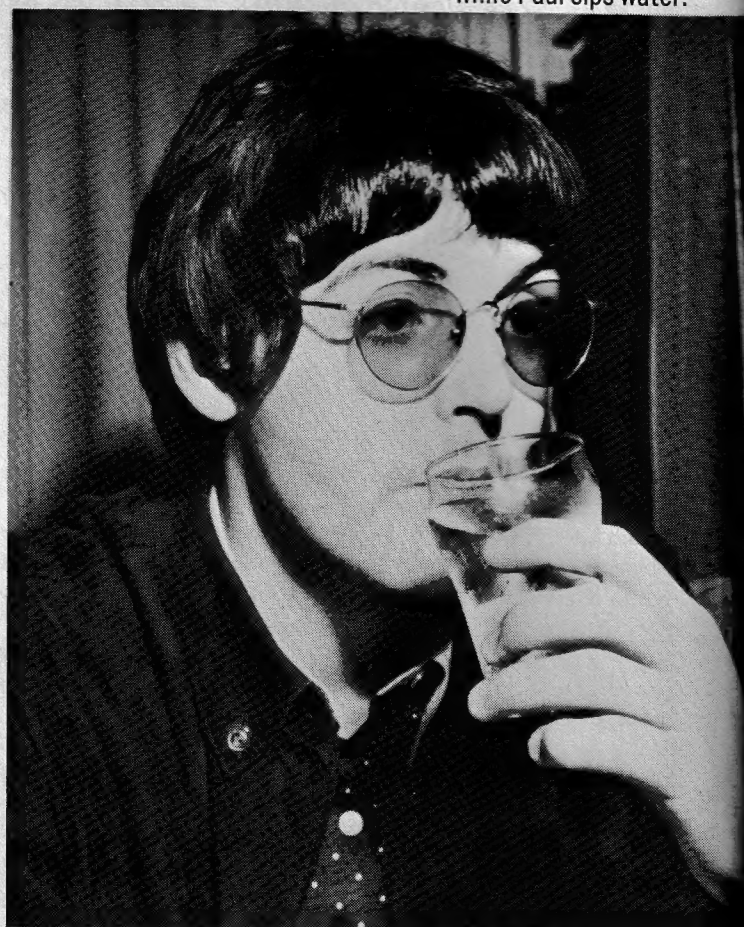
Shrimp cocktail
Oxtail Soup with Old Sherry
Medallions of Veal "Hawaii"
Kronberger Strawberries with Cream

By two in the morning, George had gone off for a sleep and the rest of us—me, Paul, Ringo, Brian (Epstein), plus Peter and Gordon—had gathered round the table for a game of cards. John wasn't in the mood to play, so he sat and watched—coming up with jokes from time to time.



George beams at the press conference —

— while Paul sips water.



GIANT COLOR

BEATLE POSTER!



ALL COLOR and a yard WIDE

HOW WOULD YOU like an enormous, beautiful, living color, super-giant pin-up of the fabfour Beatles — George, John, Ringo & Paul? Here's two feet by three feet of bigger than kissin-size sparkling Beatle Beauty for you to pin up on your bedroom wall — or wherever you choose.

In this gorgeous Beatle color poster the distinct personality of each of the boys literally leaps out at you. This is not a fuzzy faraway print but an enormous close-up, pin-up of George, John, Ringo & Paul together — smiling, laughing and looking straight into your eyes! This enormous living color poster is an absolute must for every Beatle lover.

How do you get this once-in-a-lifetime offer? Very simple! Just print your name and address on the coupon and cut out the coupon and send it along with one-dollar — only one-dollar — to Beatles Color Poster, 16 Magazine, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. And in a matter of a few short days you will be receiving your very own super-huge, smashing color poster of George, John, Ringo & Paul.

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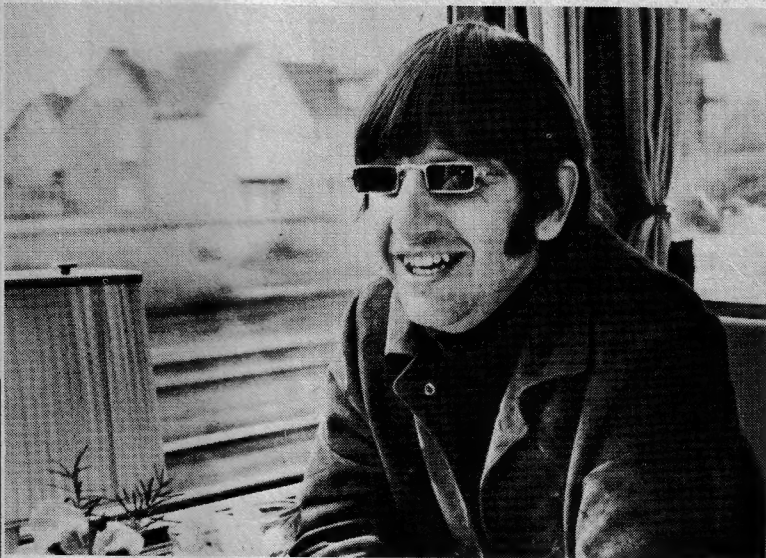
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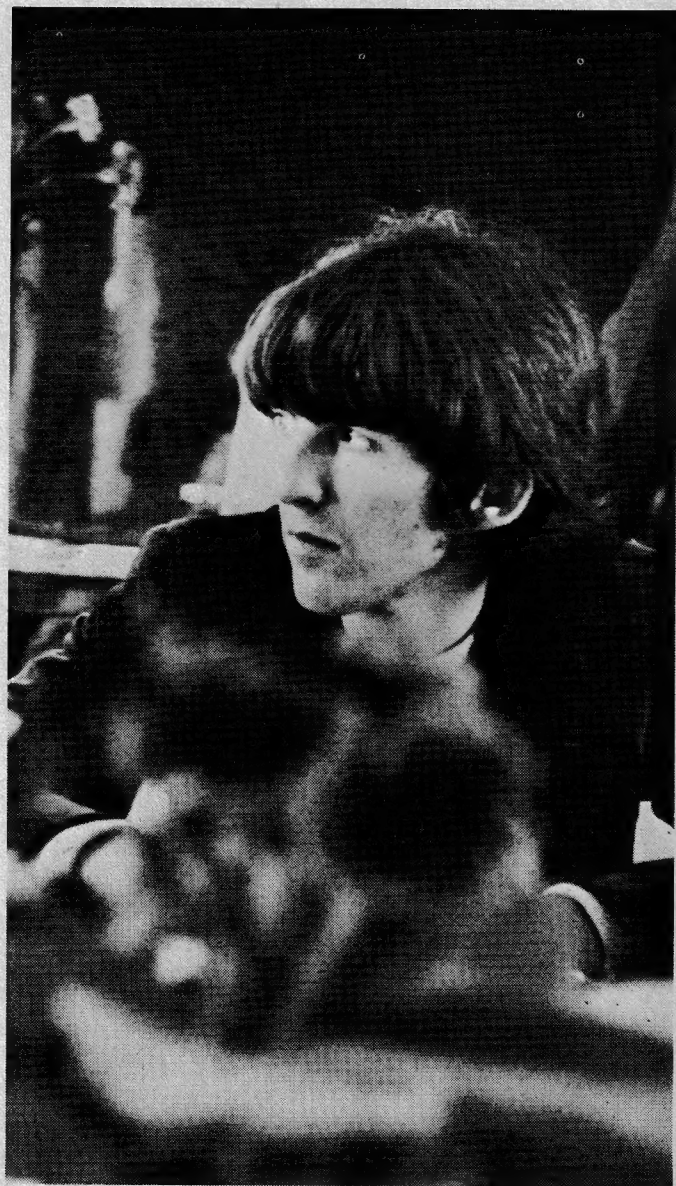
Opening night in Munich!



Ringo on the Beatles' special train.



Paul looks out at the river Rhine.



George listens to **Revolver**.



"You're beginning to lose your voice," said Ringo suddenly.

"I'm not—am I?" replied John. "My throat does seem a bit funny."

"I'll see if they've got any honey," I said.

On any other train the honey might have presented a catering problem, but three minutes later John was soothing his throat with honey mixed into warm lemon juice.

At 5:30 a.m. we found a huge crowd waiting to greet the boys outside the Hamburg station, and another even larger crowd of fans had gathered round the gates of the Tremsbittel Schloss Hotel, 20 miles to the north of the city. From seven until noon, everyone slept. Just after midday John called my room. "It's worse," he said. "My voice has gone." I could tell from the husky croaking that this was no joke. In three hours' time, John and the others were due to face an afternoon concert crowd of 6,000 in Hamburg's Ernst Merck Halle! We got hold of a local doctor, who gave John a shot of calcium. It worked like magic. Within 90 minutes John's voice was fine and we settled down to a belated breakfast in the impressively furnished surroundings of the old Tremsbittel Schloss.

A TALK ABOUT OLD TIMES

Beatle dressing rooms often get quite busy, but Hamburg was more like a railway station! Of course, there were dozens of old friends dropping in all through the afternoon and evening. For the boys, it was a night to get together again with a lot of the people they'd known best four, five and six years ago, when most of their work

was in the Hamburg clubs. Girls they had known at the Star Club turned up to say "Hi!" and exchange news. Astrid, the lovely blonde girl who was once engaged to Stu Sutcliffe, came along with Gibby (who went over to Germany when Paddy, Klaus and Gibson folded up as a group last May). A photographer brought in a pile of 1960 photographs which showed John and George on stage at the Top Ten Club. Another visitor was Bert Kaempfert, composer of *Strangers In The Night*, who produced the boys' earliest Hamburg recording sessions. And just to complete the evening, a German group called The Faces brought the Beatles a gift of a new Swedish bass instrument—a fantastic cylindrical object with an electric keyboard which fascinated Paul at once! Late into the night, the boys recalled the Hamburg days, reviving all the greatest moments of fun and/or disaster they knew in that early period.

"Remember the way we used to eat chicken and salad on stage between numbers," chuckled John.

"Remember the 10 p.m. curfew in Hamburg? Everyone under 17 was chucked out of the clubs," added George.

"Yeah," put in Paul, "and that curfew should have included you, George!"

The following day—Monday, June 27—we left in the early afternoon for Hamburg Airport. At the time we didn't know it, but that was the beginning of a Germany/Japan journey which was to last over 30 hours!

We flew with Japan Airlines, so we'd scarcely left German soil before kimono-clad stewardesses were offering everyone comfortable and colorful Japanese "hapi coats" to relax in. Then came the serving of Japanese green tea, which everyone tried.

The first leg of the trip—the Hamburg/Anchorage flight—was scheduled to last something like ten hours.



John chats somebody up —



— then reads a fan letter.

One way and another, the time passed quite quickly. All the boys had decided to take little portable tape recorders with them on this tour, and Ringo was busy with his on the plane. He was continuing his own personal "sound diary" of the whole tour and adding in all sorts of zany "pilot to base" conversations with himself. Then the boys started taping messages to each other and passing tiny tape cartridges to and fro for replies to be added.

A Japanese passenger showed John a Tokyo newspaper, which had advance stories about our arrival and showed pictures of the Budokahn, the ultra-modern building where our five concerts were to take place. "Isn't that great?" said John, as he gazed at the impressive picture of the giant octagonal structure with its typically Oriental roof. "I'm going to like Tokyo."

The JAL jet took us over the North Pole shortly after dinner and then, although it was now midnight Hamburg time, we followed the sun and the daylight and flew south over the most northerly part of Alaska. The first view we had of land after all those polar icebergs was breath-taking. As we came in over the vast ice-capped mountains of Alaska, there was a rush to the windows and all the boys pointed their cameras at the scene below. "Terrific!" said Paul. "Just look at that lake over there—like a giant footprint in all that mud—well, I know it's rock, but doesn't it look like mud?"

For a moment, George was serious as he gazed at the endless panorama of brown mountains and silver water. "Looking at that lot makes you feel very humble somehow," he said. "You know what I mean?"

It was not until we touched down at Anchorage Airport that the flight captain gave us his shock news. There was a typhoon, one of the most powerful ever to hit the Far East, approaching Tokyo from the south at a speed of 135 m.ph. "This means we must make an unscheduled stopover here in Alaska," the captain continued. "We can

expect to be here about nine hours before we get word that Typhoon Kit will no longer affect our flight course between here and Tokyo." At first, there were cries of general misery from everyone. Then we realized that the stopover would break up a very tiring journey, so we piled into a special bus and drove into Anchorage to the Westward Hotel where, at less than an hour's notice, the management had reserved accommodations for our entire party.

Imagine that you were walking down the street in your neighborhood and a bus slowly passed. You might casually glance at the bus windows as you walked, but imagine how you'd feel if you saw Ringo staring back at you! All the way to the Westward, this was happening to Anchorage teenagers. One girl started rushing about the sidewalk, grabbing at the arms of all her friends who refused to believe the Beatles really were in the bus that had just moved off!

In no time, a crowd of hundreds gathered outside the hotel and a local radio station—KENI—hastily set up its mobile studio in a trailer by the front entrance for the rest of the day. Photographers and news reporters joined the fans. So, ten weeks ahead of their 1966 schedule the Beatles were in America—if only for half a day.

Inside the hotel, the Beatles ordered hamburgers and watched *Where The Action Is* before climbing into bed for a nap. Ten hours later (at one in the morning, Anchorage time), we took off for Tokyo. The night is never pitch-black in an Alaskan summer, so we flew out into the semi-twilight redness of the sky. After something like 35 hours of continuous daylight, the Beatles finally arrived in Tokyo.

**More about all that in the December issue of 16—
on sale October 20th.**

Before departing on the tour, Paul celebrates his 24th birthday.



At long last the Beatles — in "Hapicoats" — arrive in Tokyo!



5 ERRORS CONTEST

Hoo-ha! And who are these three dashing chaps? They are none other than Marino Mase ("Andre"), Don Francks ("Shepard") and John Leyton ("Gage")—stars of CBS-TV's exciting new spy-suspense series, *Jericho* (see each Thursday night from 7:30 to 8:30 EDT). But hold a sec—

The top drawing is fine, but the bottom drawing contains five errors. Can you spot them? If you can, just draw a circle around each error with a pen or pencil, fill in the coupon below, tear the page along the dotted line and mail the coupon to: Five Errors Contest, 16 Magazine, Box 104, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11202.

To each of the first five readers who correctly identify all five errors, 16 will award \$10 in cash. All coupons will be dropped inside a revolving barrel and Georgia Winters, *blindfolded*, will pick the winners—so everybody has a chance!

Go to work right away—and good luck!



RIGHT

WRONG



5 ERRORS CONTEST NOV. 1966

NAME.....MY AGE IS.....

STREET.....

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MAIL TO "5 ERRORS CONTEST" • 16 MAGAZINE • BOX 104 BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11202

Dear Cher

If your young life is full of problems there's no need for you to suffer alone. In fact, there's no need for you to suffer at all. Cher wants to help you—right here in the pages of 16!

Dear Cher,

I like this boy who lives near my house, but I'm not sure whether he likes me—or is just teasing me. It seems like all the boys tease me. I feel like they must hate me. How can I be sure just what they mean?

Unsure

Mystic, Conn.

• Dear Unsure,

I think you are nurturing a queen-size inferiority complex—and all over nothing. First, if a boy notices you enough to tease you, you can be almost positive that he is interested in you. Second, it is a habit of fellows, when they are hanging around together, to single out a girl or two and pick on them. All this means is that they are definitely bird-watching—and you are the bird they are watching. Don't take the wrong way. Just be a little lady and don't be afraid to smile at them occasionally—with a dash of humor in your eyes. Soon you will find that they will stop teasing and start talking to you, which is probably what they are building up to, anyway.

Dear Cher,

I am 14 years old and I have always been thin—skinny, to be honest. I feel afraid of people. I can never talk to them easily and I feel as though I want to run away and hide sometimes.

Frustrated

Glen Allen, Va.

• Dear Frustrated,

If I were you, I would look at the bright side of things. It is easier to gain weight than to lose it, for instance. I suggest that you eat a well-balanced diet of three big meals a day, and then help yourself to between-meal snacks. You can eat pizza, popcorn and ice cream—all those groovy goodies that most teenage girls have to say "no" to. I would advise you to avoid chocolate, coconut, soda pop and sundaes, as these can cause acne. To overcome your intense shyness, you will just have to force yourself out of your shell. Try talking to yourself in the mirror. Don't laugh, I really mean it. Then try talking to one of your girl friends. Then try talking to two or more friends. I know it's hard to do, but if you don't make some kind of effort, you'll never get anywhere. Good luck.

Dear Cher,

I have boy trouble! I am 13 and every time I get a boy to notice me, he seems friendly at first but then he loses interest. How can I get a boy to keep liking me?

Troubled

Palos Verdes, Calif.

• Dear Troubled,

To get a boy to keep on liking you is an age-old problem with us girls. I think you have to make something "special" of yourself. To be special, you should have your own flair with clothes, have an original hair style, or do something that is different (but not way-out). Most girls have a tendency to "run with the herd," and guys get bored with that type. It is the girl who tries new things, who is stimulating and full of life, and who has imagination and uses it that keeps a fellow alert and interested.



Dear Cher,

I have trouble with my hair, my face, and—worse—I have buck teeth. Please don't laugh. I really want to know what to do. I am 11 years old.

Carol

Atwater, Col.

• Dear Carol,

You must never think for one minute that I would laugh at you or anyone with a problem. I was young once, too, and I know how very serious all these problems are. I only hope that I can help you and any other 16-ers who write to me in some small way. I think it would serve you well to order 16's *Beauty And Popularity Book*, as you did not spell out your problems in any detail and the *Beauty Book* covers all problems, from shyness to skin and hair care. Buck teeth can only be treated by a dentist (who will probably send you to a good orthodontist). I advise you to get your parents to take you to a dentist at once, as you are still young enough to get the braces that will cure your buck teeth problem forever.

Dear Cher,

How can I stop biting my nails? They are a mess. I want to hide my hands when I go out on a date. Please help me.

Nails

Ft. Lee, N.J.

• Dear Nails,

First, try to get a "substitute" habit. In other words, every time you want to bite your nails grab a piece of gum or a Life Saver—or twist a piece of your hair. Next, rub lanolin (it's cheap at the drug store) in your hands and massage your finger-tips each night (this is to keep your cuticles soft). Every time you feel like "biting in," stop and say, "That's silly. I'll find something better to do with my hands"—and do it.

If you have a personal problem of any nature, just write to me at the address below and I will try to help. Look here—on my *Dear Cher* page—in 16 each month for your answer. My address is:

DEAR CHER
16 Magazine
745 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



What's YOUR problem, little girl?

Are you SHY?

Unpopular?

TOO FAT?

TOO SKINNY?

TOO TALL?

TOO SHORT?

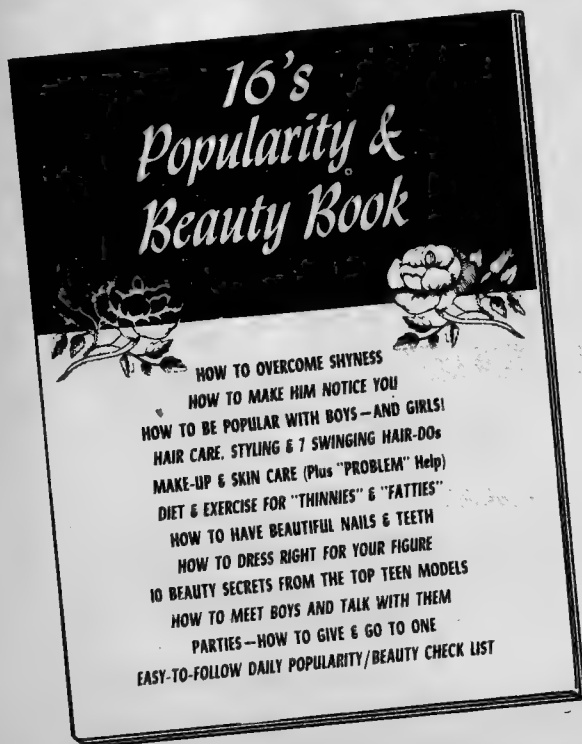
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LEARN HOW to overcome shyness. How to get *him* to notice you. Here's a foolproof easy-to-follow step-by-step program that can help make a new *you*—in just weeks! It gives you tried-and-true hints on hair, make-up, grooming, clothes, dieting, exercises. How to make, and keep friends of both sexes. How to act, look and be like you've always wanted! Just clip and mail this coupon today!

NOVEMBER 1966

"16'S POPULARITY & BEAUTY BOOK"

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16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

At Home with the Rolling Stones

Charlie, Bill and Keith give you a 16-exclusive peek at their pads.

FASTEN your seat belts, me luvs — cos you are about to jet off to “merrie olde England,” where you will go on a 16-exclusive trip to the seldom visited private homes of Stones Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman and Keith Richard (last month we visited Mick and Brian’s pads — hope you didn’t miss it).



Charlie and his wife Shirley beside a display of Shirley's sculpture on the terrace of their home — far from the busy-ness of London.



In Shirley's studio, Charlie offers a few helpful suggestions on a work in progress.



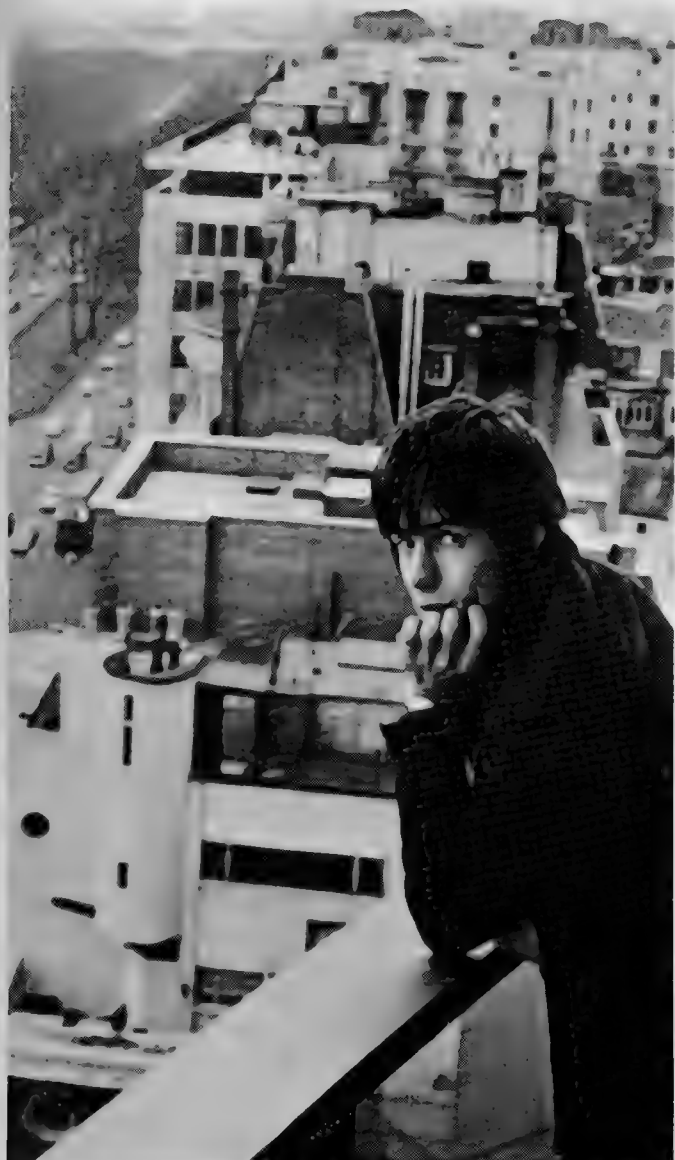
Contented hubby? You bet. A far cry from his frantic life as a Rolling Stone!



For Stone Bill Wyman (who is just now moving into a large new home outside London), home is where his beloved son Stephen is —



— And where his groovy wife Diane runs things. She is also a Stephen fan.



This is the view from Keith Richard's London flat. He spends weekends on his country estate.



Tune-up time in Keith's well-furnished, orderly living room.



"Hey there — little Red Riding Hood. Aw, don't be scared. Please come back again one day."

“What it Means to ME to be a RAIDER”

by JIM “HARPO” VALLEY

*It was a throwaway line – “If you ever need a guitar player,
I hope you call on me,” Harpo told Paul Revere – but he meant it!*

HELLO! I'd like to introduce myself to you. I am James George Valley, Mr. and Mrs. Chet Valley's little boy. I am a shiny, brand-new Raider (as in Paul Revere and the Raiders), and I consider myself one of the luckiest guys around.

I've been playing (lead guitar) in groups since I was 16—that's for the past five years—and three of those five years were spent as one of the world's foremost Raider rooters. The first time I ever saw R & R was at a dance at the Spanish Castle (which actually is a big ballroom and not a castle at all) on Highway 99, halfway between Seattle and Tacoma, Wash. I was playing lead guitar with the Viceroy's and both groups were booked on the same bill. At the time, the Viceroy's were as well-known as the Raiders in the Northwest, as we had had three hit records up there.

An hour before the show, we went to the Spanish Castle to set up our equipment, and R & R were there. The first one I saw was Paul—with his famous blond hair. I walked over and we introduced ourselves. Paul was very friendly right off. No airs or pretenses. Soon the others—Drake, Smitty and Fang—came in and introduced themselves. I noticed another fellow in coveralls who was busy working on the equipment. I figured he was the road manager.

That evening the Viceroy's went on first, and when we finished I joined the audience to watch the Raiders perform. You can imagine how surprised I was when the road manager-type came out, grabbed the mike and started singing up a storm. He was the Raiders' lead singer—Mark Lindsay! I never saw anyone put so much into a song, and I never saw a group enjoy themselves so much on stage. I was completely carried away by their performance.

Later, when we all went out to eat together, I kept thinking, “Gee—I'd like to be in their group.” I even told Paul, “If you ever need a guitar player, I hope you call on me.”

It was a throwaway line, but I really meant it.

Our roads crossed about three times after that, and I kept thinking more and more of the Raiders after each meeting. They were getting better all the time, and getting

more and more famous. And I was getting less and less famous! Then I decided to go with Don & The Goodtimes. I was with them for a year, and during that time on two occasions we played the same bill as the Raiders. I ultimately became a total hungup straightout stone Raider fan!

On January 10, 1966, Don & The Goodtimes went to Los Angeles to do some TV shows to promote our single, *Sweets For My Sweet*, on Dunhill. When we finished one live TV show, I went back to the motel to pack. My phone rang—much to my surprise, as I knew no one in L.A.

After I said hello, a voice said, “This is Paul Revere. Could I come over and see you for a while?” Of course I said yes. I was amazed. (I later learned that Paul had seen the show and called the station to find out where I was staying!) At the motel, he told me that it looked like Drake was going to be drafted and he wondered if I was still interested in joining the Raiders. (He had actually heard and remembered my throwaway remark a year before!)

I said that I was interested, but also mentioned that I was very happy where I was—which was true. Paul said he'd be in touch. The next day I had a lot to think about. I had always wanted to be with a group that was *beginning*—working its way to the top. That way, when we made it, it would be like we were all in there together from the start. I knew it wouldn't be like that with the Raiders. They were already stars—big stars. I'd just be like jumping on their bandwagon.

But at the same time, I knew deep in my heart that joining the Raiders would be like having a dream come true. I had spent many afternoons watching them on *Action*, digging every single number and all the bits they did—and pretending that I was really a Raider, a member of that swinging, fabulous group! Now, there was a possibility that my dream would become a reality. I didn't know which way to turn.

Find out what happened to Harpo, what Paul said to him, and what he decided in the December issue of *16 Magazine*. The December 16 goes on sale October 20th) so reserve your copy now.

EXCLUSIVE
16 COLOR
PIN-UP



Hi 16-ERS!
Harpo

"Thank YOU — and I DO mean YOU!"

Drake Levin confides exactly

what's on his mind —

and in his heart!

WOW! I feel like running out there into 16-land and hugging and kissing each and every one of you! I mean, you are the greatest, sweetest, kindest friends in the world! I've learned the hard way that good friends count, and that 16 friends are the best and truest a guy can possibly ever have.

Here's what happened to bring all this on: As you know, I've just finished basic training in the Army, and I have been out of show business for about six months. When I went into the service, I was a swinging Raider with a gang of groovey plans for my musical future. When Uncle Sam nabbed me, I figured that it was probably all over for me—that all my "fans" would have forgotten my name and face when I got out. How wrong I was!

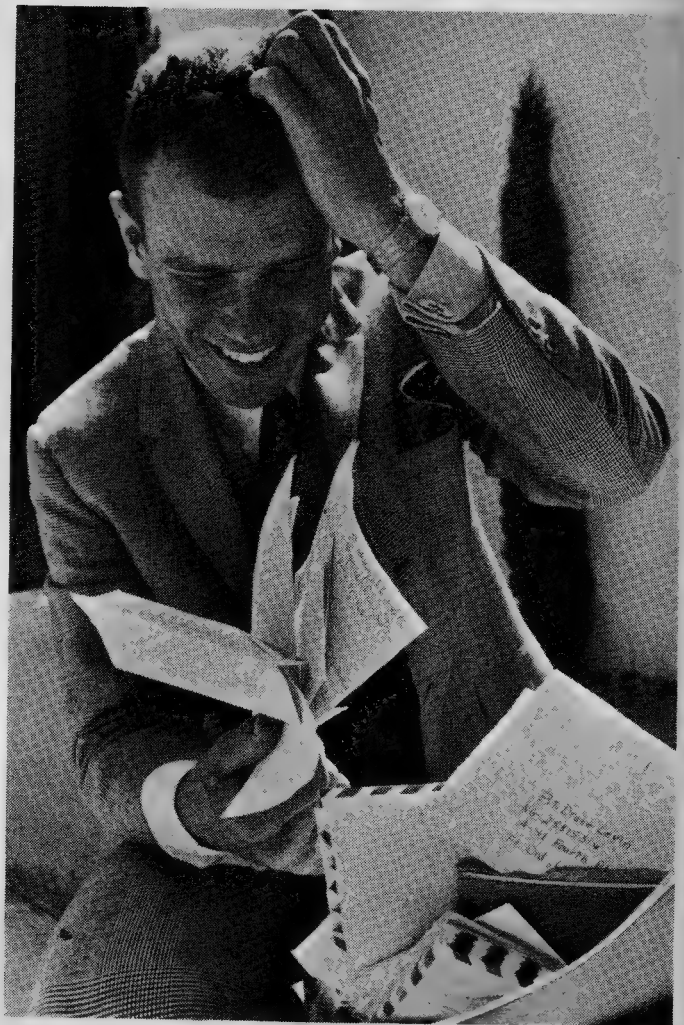
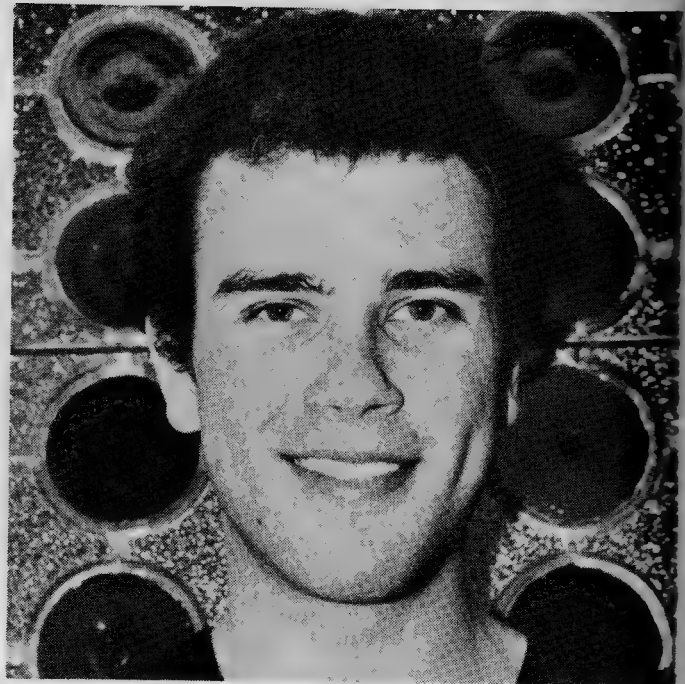
As you know, all the time I have been away 16 Magazine has not only kept you informed of my activities and progress, but also printed my address so that you could (if you wished) keep in touch with me personally. Well, boy—did you ever do that! I was soon averaging 300 letters a day. I don't have to tell you that my morale jumped from zero to 100 in no time at all. As I read each letter, I realized that you were not forgetting me, that you really did care about what happened and that you would be waiting for me when I got out. Nothing could have made me happier.

Well, now that I am out, I am here in 16 again ready to report to you for action. The very first thing I am going to do is start producing my own records. While I was in the Army, I wrote a number of songs that I really believe in. I long planned (even before going into the service) to produce my own records and go out on my own as a single singer (or with a small group of my own). Now that dream is about to become a reality.

I am still very close to all of the Raiders, and Smitty and I have just formed a record production company of our own called The Brotherhood. That means I will not only cut my own things, but I will be searching for other talent to produce, and then will have their recordings distributed by a major label. I haven't decided exactly which label my own singles will be on, but it looks like it may be the same one I have always been on—get it?

I hope that by Christmas I will have a swinging single out on the market for you. It will be in what I call the folk-jazz-rock-drake idiom. My sound will be a combination of all the music I've learned to love over the years.

Anyway, enough of business—now back to you. It was your letters, cookies, phone calls, cards and presents that inspired me. I'm back and I am going to do "my music" and give it to you—the greatest gift I can offer. I love each and every one of you, I missed you deeply and I am glad to be back with you again.



WOW! — and thanks! →

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO KNOW...

WHO?

HERMAN & HIS HERMITS
THE BEATLES AND WIVES
DINO, DESI & BILLY
DAVID McCALLUM
ROBERT VAUGHN
SONNY & CHER
IAN WHITCOMB
PAUL REVERE & RAIDERS
THE BYRDS
THE ROLLING STONES
THE DAVE CLARK 5
THE BEACH BOYS
ELVIS PRESLEY
PATTY DUKE
GENE PITNEY
MARIANNE FAITHFULL
GARY LEWIS
PETER & GORDON
CHAD & JEREMY
JANE ASHER
PATTIE BOYD
KINKS
BOB DYLAN
LUKE HALPIN

WHAT?

Their real names
Authentic autographs
Hair and eye coloring
Their "favorites"
Height & weight

HOW?

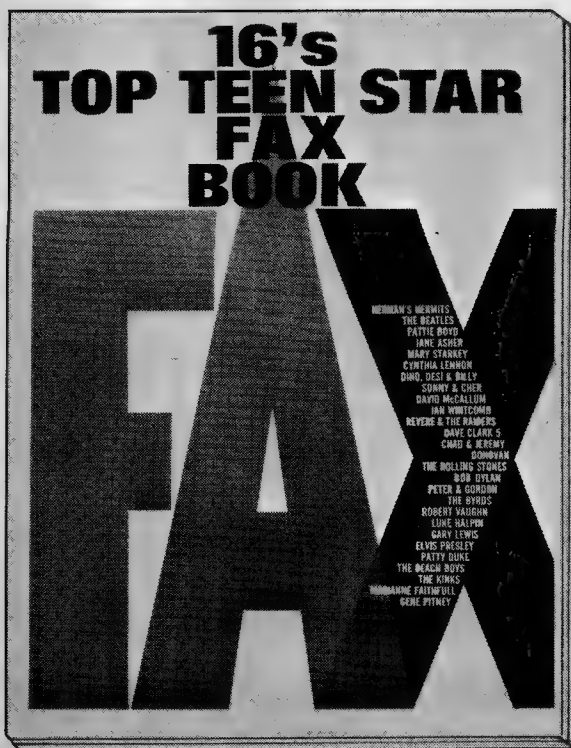
Their daily lives
Romantic secrets
Dating info
"At home" with them
Family facts
Plus a dozen more inside items

WHERE?

Personal addresses
Fan club addresses
Record company addresses
TV show addresses
Movie company addresses
Where they went to school

WHEN?

Their Birthdates
Future plans
Personal goals
Business ambitions



All the above is complete in this one-of-a-kind TOP TEEN STAR FAX BOOK...including a GORGEOUS, EXCLUSIVE, signed NEW portrait of each & every star mentioned above!

TOP TEEN STAR FAX BOOK NOVEMBER 1966

Please send me 16's brand new TOP TEEN STAR FAX BOOK. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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Mail coupon to:

16'S TOP TEEN STAR FAX BOOK

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022



LET 16 SEND YOU TO DREAMSVILLE

WHAT IS YOUR FONDEST WISH? What would give you a bigger thrill than anything else? You name it — and if it's in 16's power to deliver, we'll see that you get it!

Just look across at the facing page. Every girl whose name and home town is printed there is a 16 reader who asked 16 to make her fondest wish come true — and your fave magazine went right to work and did just that . . . as you can see by the prizes the girls were given!

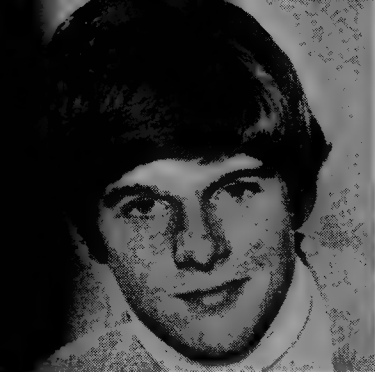
All that each girl did was to write a letter — a one-page letter — to 16 Magazine telling exactly what her secret dream was, and then sat back to wait for 16 to make her dream come true! And that's all you have to do, too!

Just write a short letter (on one side of the sheet only!) telling us of your fondest wish — then mail your letter to Dreamsville, where wishes are changed into thrilling reality. What would you rather have more than anything else? A personal phone call or a letter from your favorite star? A personal keepsake from your dream guy? A pin-up portrait personally autographed by your Number One Man just to you? A whole set of recordings made by your top-rated singer?

These are just suggestions. It's your wish — so you name it, jot it down on a sheet of paper and mail it to.

"DREAMSVILLE"
 16 MAGAZINE
 BOX 218
 BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11202

After you've mailed your letter, be sure to get every issue of 16 Magazine and watch the Dreamsville answers page for the announcement that your dream will come true!



DID YOU WIN A TRIP TO DREAMSVILLE? LOOK AND SEE!!

Rolling Stones Brian Jones and Keith Richard have fulfilled the *Dreamsville* wish of **MEG DRISLANE of Albany, N.Y.**, by sending her one each of their own guitar picks, plus an autographed picture of themselves. **Brian and Keith** also sent along a surprise bonus gift—a full year's free subscription to *16 Magazine*.

CARLA ADKINS of Huntington, W. Va., is sitting happily in *Dreamsville* after having her *Dreamsville* wish granted by *16 Magazine*. **Carla** has received an autograph book with these personal autographs in it—**John, Paul, George and Ringo Beattie; Sonny and Cher; and Herman and the Hermits.**

16 luvver **BEVERLY RODGERS of Christchurch, New Zealand**, who finds her favorite magazine hard to find in faraway N.Z., Australia, has had her *Dreamsville* wish granted by **Gloria Stavers**. **Beverly** is getting a complimentary set of *16* goodies and a lifetime membership to the swingin' *16 Club*, plus a free full year's subscription to *16 Magazine*.

Raider roter **LINDA ANN SHACKELFORD of Harpers Ferry, W. Va.**, has been sent on a magic carpet to *Dreamsville* by her favorite **Raider, Mark Lindsay**. **Mark** has sent **Linda** one of his very own **Raider** hats and a personally autographed picture of himself (with a note on it, just for her), along with a copy of the *Midnight Ride Of Paul Revere & The Raiders*, their latest Columbia LP.

ANNE RUSSELL of Lancashire, Eng., is going to wake up a very sur-

prised resident of *Dreamsville*. Her American pen pal, **SUE CARR of Vicksburg, Mich.**, sent a *Dreamsville* wish to *16* for **Anne** to get a free full year's subscription to her favorite magazine. Editor **Gloria Stavers** waved her magic wand and **Anne** will be receiving her monthly issue of *16* free for the next 12 months.

The laffin', looney, and oh, so luvable **Lovin' Spoonful** have sent an adorable and equally luvable, personally autographed stuffed animal to **SHERRIE LACHKOVIC of Hagerstown, Md.**—making sure that **Sherrie's Dreamsville** wish came true. But, to make triple-sure that she hangs in there, **Zal, John, Steve and Joe** are sending her a personally autographed picture of themselves.

THERESA STERLE of Johnstown, Pa., one of **Chris Jones'** most enthusiastic admirers, has been sent to *Dreamsville* by receiving a personally autographed picture from **Chris** along with a keepsake he selected just for her.

LUCY ANSELMO of Massapequa, L.I., has been dreaming of seeing her idols, the **Beatles**, in person for ages. Four tickets to the **Beatle Concert** at Shea Stadium, compliments of **Gloria Stavers**, has sent **Lucy** and three of her happy friends to *Dreamsville*.

Another lucky *16*-er (and her friends) saw the **Fab Four** in concert at Shea also. Four tickets went to **DEBBY SANDIE OLIN of Brooklyn, N.Y.**, thanks to **Gloria Stavers** and *Dreamsville*.



"THE STORY OF MY LIFE"

by MARK LINDSAY

Mark tells of his triumphs and disappointments, his thrills and despair as he tried to make music the most important thing in his life.

CHAPTER 3

WHEN I WAS 15, I ran away from home—a tiny town in Idaho—and moved in with my granny in Wilder. But I guess I was a born rover, for by the time I was 16 I had "re-located" myself and became a resident (hardly anybody noticed) of Caldwell, another one of Idaho's unthriving metropolises. I got a job in a bakery and began to sing with a local group called the Idaho Playboys—who were totally unknown. We practiced four evenings a week, leaving the weekends open for bookings. Of which we had none. Then, one glorious day we were asked if we wanted to play (for tips) at the opening of a new department store. Of course, we accepted with delight.

As always seems to happen with groups, we broke up shortly after that. But one of the guys (Larry) and I stuck together and formed our own group, which we called the Hi-Fi-ers. Soon we began to play weekends at a club in Boise—still for tips only. Those tips amounted to about \$2 a night, and that hardly paid for gas! Meantime, the Idaho Playboys had been reformed by a deejay and were actually working and getting *real* money. I rejoined them and we began playing such big towns as Halfway, Oregon; Bruno and Grouch, Idaho; and one fantastic New Year's Eve we played a dance in Midvale, Idaho! I made \$10 a night for singing. That was like a miracle to me—getting paid all that bread to do something I *wanted* (try and stop me!) to do.

The deejay soon took another job, and without his plugs on the air the Idaho Playboys were finished—and I was starving again. It was at about this time that a blond-haired kid who owned a hamburger joint in Caldwell formed a group, using some of the guys I had worked with before. It was a great group—just straight rock and roll (I forgot to mention that I had also been singing country and western up till now.)

One night I heard they were going to play their first dance, so I went to where they were playing. After they did a few numbers, I walked up to the blond guy and said, "Hey, could I sing a couple of songs?"

The guy looked at me like he thought I was crazy, and said, "Sorry, we already have a singer." Then, as an afterthought, he added, "But you can sing one song."

I sang *Crazy Arms*, an old Jerry Lee Lewis tune—and I gave it all my heart and soul. I wanted so very much to be good. I just walked off the stand after I finished. I was scared to ask how they liked me. If I was bad, I didn't want to hear it. And if I was good—oh, well, I figured I probably wasn't.

The next day was Sunday and the blond-haired kid came to the bakery where I worked to pick up his rolls (we didn't deliver on Sunday). He recognized me and



said, "I enjoyed your singing and you got good comments from the kids at the dance." While I was still soaring through outer-space (after this fantastic compliment), he invited me to come by his house and practice with him, as he was learning to play the piano.

As it happened, often when the band rehearsed the lead singer didn't show up, so I began to fill in for him. I also went along to dances, where I'd sing a song or two—for no pay. One day the lead singer took me aside and said, "We guys in the band got together and voted you out of the group." He turned and walked away, leaving me to go home to one of the blackest nights of my life.

A couple of days later, the blond-haired guy came by the bakery and asked me where I'd been. I told him what had happened and he said, "We're playing a dance to-night and I want you to be there. There was no vote taken by anybody, and I am the boss!"

Wham—I was soaring again! That night the other singer walked in late and I was right in the middle of a song. He went into a rage. But guess what? He got booted out of the group! I was now the official lead singer for the Downbeats—and one of the happiest cats in the world.

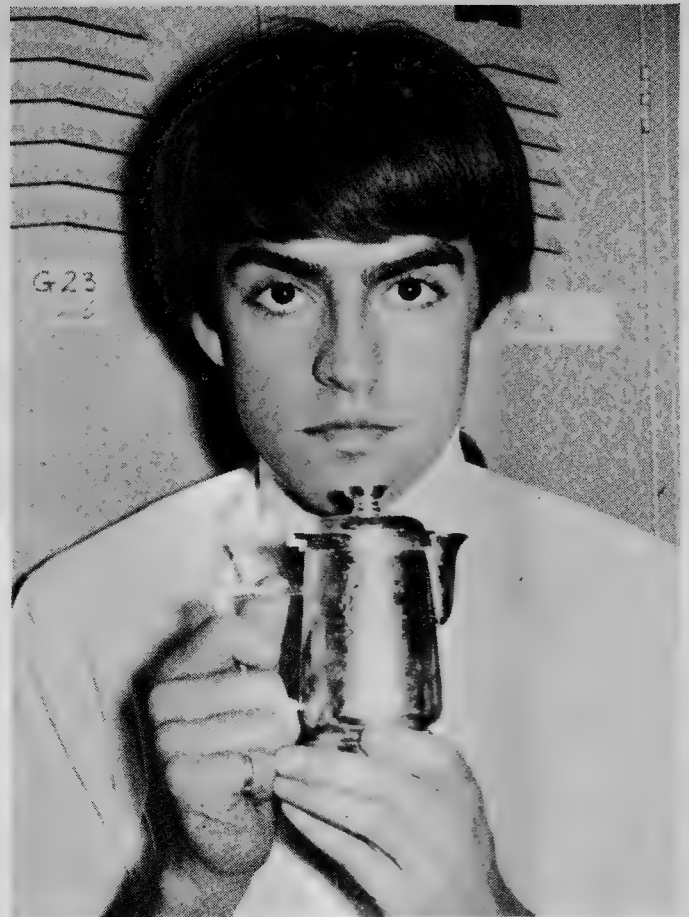
At first, I sang for nothing (it was like a trial period). Then, one night the blond-haired guy—like you haven't guessed already that he is none other than our dauntless leader, Paul Revere!—came over and told me that he was putting me on the payroll, and that all we needed now was a good saxophone player.

The next day I hocked everything I owned, including my radio, and went and bought a brand-new sax on time. I think I must have signed to pay off for the next 99 years. It was a Selmer Mark VI tenor and it sold for \$650. I ran straight to Paul's house and started honking away madly for him on my new instrument. He just stared at me in stark disbelief. Many months later he told me that he was so utterly taken aback by my ill-advised but enthusiastic caper that he was speechless.

After I had learned to play the sax reasonably (?) well, Paul and I decided that it was now time for us to cut a "hit" record. We cut *Beatnik Sticks*, an original, and an instrumental called *Orbit* (on which I had a two-note sax break). When we thought the recordings were perfect, Paul took them to faraway Los Angeles in hopes of getting them accepted by a label. He beat on doors for several days and finally connected with Gardena Records. He was told that there already was a group named the Downbeats, so Paul decided to call us Paul Revere & The Nightriders, which was later changed to Paul Revere & The Raiders.

The record didn't make it (to say the least), and the group got discouraged and decided to break up. Revere moved to Portland and I scraped together my life savings and went to Hollywood, where I was sure that—in a very short time—I would make my fortune. After a few short months I was starving again. I picked up the phone and called "Uncle" Paul. He came down to Hollywood to get me, and on the long drive back to Portland the course of both our lives was changed forever. We decided that music was all that really mattered and that we would not stop until we organized our own group and made the big time.

But that's another story and I'll let Paul tell you all about it. Be sure to get the December issue of 16 (on sale October 20th) and find out from Paul Revere himself how the Raiders as they are today came to be.



"Have a spot of tea with me?"



Singer—saxophonist—guitarist—composer—What next?

WIN MARK LINDSAY'S PONYTAIL! *Plus a Gang of Other Gorgeous Goodies from Mark Himself!*



Mark sings away—



—as the Raiders whack away!



And there it is—



—being put in an envelope and saved for YOU!

YOU SAW IT with your own eyes on *Where The Action Is* (if you were lucky) and now it can belong to you! What? Mark Lindsay's ponytail, that's what! Last July 20th, while Mark sat on a pier by the docks in Monterey, Calif., and belted out the Raider's big hit, *Hungry*—Revere, Fang, Smitty

"MARK LINDSAY'S PONYTAIL" CONTEST NOVEMBER 1966

Please enroll me in "Mark Lindsay's Ponytail" Contest. My telephone number is:

(PRINT YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER HERE)

PLEASE PRINT THE FOLLOWING:

MY NAME AGE
ADDRESS
CITY ZIP CODE
STATE

Cut out and mail this coupon to:

"MARK LINDSAY'S PONYTAIL" CONTEST
16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

and Harpo besieged the unsuspecting serenader and clipped off the end of his world-famous ponytail!

Teenagers all over America let out a simultaneous shriek (and some fainted dead away), but no one was the worse for it as Mark has gangs of hair and there was plenty enough to take two big whacks out and still leave that noble "queue" of his intact. When Revere sharpened his scissors to take a whack at Mark's locks, he decided to make it two whacks! One piece of Mark's ponytail, as you know, was "auctioned" off on *Action*, and the other piece was flown straight to 16 Magazine by Mark himself—along with a groovy little note from him verifying that this lock of hair indeed is legitimately from his very own ponytail!

So how'd you like to have that lock and that handwritten note from Raider Mark Lindsay for your very own? And that ain't all, sweetheart—Mark (who is famous for making surprise phone calls to his fans) will also call you personally to chat with you on the phone, will send you a big autographed picture of himself, and will give you a bonus gift of a full year's free subscription to his very favorite magazine—that's 16, natch!

By this time you're undoubtedly in a tizzy with wanting to know just what you have to do to get all these wonderful gifts, right? Well, don't fret, pet. All you have to do is print your name, address and your telephone number (so Mark will know where to call you) on the coupon—then cut out the coupon and mail it to the address on the coupon.

Every coupon will be dropped inside a barrel. The barrel will then be revolved and 16's editor, Gloria Stavers, blindfolded, will pick one coupon from the barrel. The sender of that coupon will be the winner—and will be awarded all of Mark's fabulous prizes! Don't just sit there! Grab a pen or a pencil and fill in the coupon and zoom it off right away!

"THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT..."

by the **BEACH BOYS**



FULL REAL NAME: Michael Edward Love.

BIRTHDATE & PLACE: I was born in misty L.A. on March 15, 1941 A.D.

PERSONAL DATA: My hair is golden, my eyes are blue; I'm six feet one inch tall and tip the scales at 165.

FAMILY INFO: Milton and Emily are my parents and I'm the oldest of six children, which makes them all very young.

HOME INFO: I have a three-story Spanish stucco house in Manhattan Beach, Calif. There are no pets around, but I have lots of tropical fish and birds.

SCHOOLS ATTENDED: I went to L.A. City College, and was a track coach and a student.

INSTRUMENTS PLAYED/PART SUNG: I sing lead and harmony.

FAVORITES—

SINGING GROUPS: Beatles, Four Freshman and lots of other groups singing up and down the West Coast.

INDIVIDUAL SINGERS: Little Richard, Chuck Berry and James Brown.

ACTOR & ACTRESS: Don't see many flicks, so I don't really know who they'd be if I did.

TV SHOWS: Not a TV viewer, either—sorry!

COLORS: Blue—all shades of blue.

FOODS: Steaks and green salads with blue cheese dressing.

HOBBIES: I have one big expensive hobby—travelling! I go to Hawaii on weekends whenever I can.

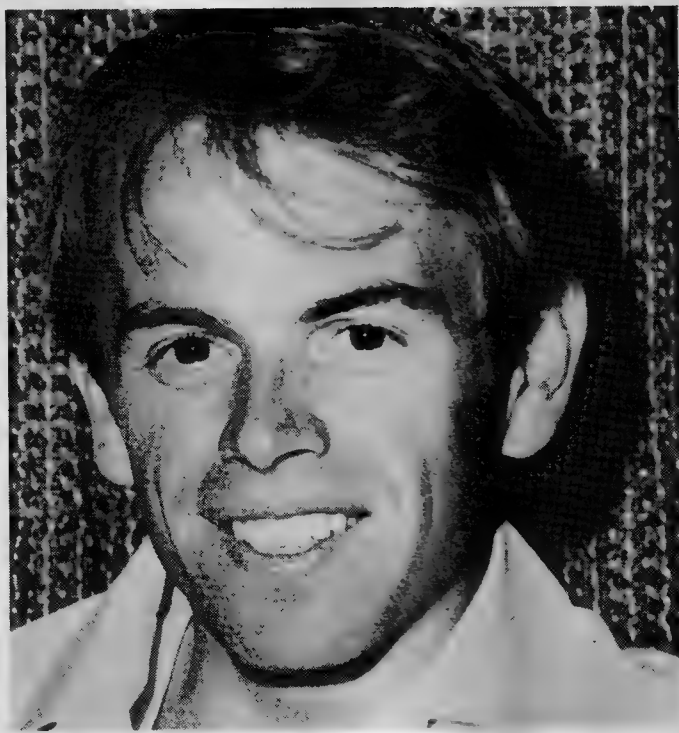
SPORTS: I like to watch football and participate in track meets.

WHAT LOOKED FOR IN A GIRL: I like for a girl to have long hair, but I really find beauty in a variety of appearances. I'm usually attracted to girls who are subdued and not too bubbly.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE TO DO ON A DATE?: I like to climb mountains and go to places like Disneyland, where there are endless things to do and find.

BUSINESS PLANS & AMBITIONS: I want to be rich and try other things, like real estate or being a movie star—if I ever learn to speak properly. I mumble and talk too fast.

PERSONAL PLANS & AMBITIONS: To live in France, learn the language and absorb the culture.



FULL REAL NAME: Alan C. Jardine.

BIRTHDATE & PLACE: I was born in Lima, Ohio, on September 3, 1942.

PERSONAL DATA: I'm five feet four inches tall, weigh 145 pounds, and have blue eyes and brown hair.

FAMILY INFO: My mother and father are named Virginia and Don. They already had a son before I arrived, and his name is Neal.

HOME INFO: I have a beautiful ranch-style house with lots of greenery around it, and a Thunderbird parked outside, in Manhattan Beach, Calif.

SCHOOLS ATTENDED: I was a pre-dental student at El Camino College in Calif., and then I became a Beach Boy.

INSTRUMENTS PLAYED/PART SUNG: I play lead guitar and sing harmony.

FAVORITES—

SINGING GROUPS: The Lovin' Spoonful, the Association and lots of other groovy groups.

INDIVIDUAL SINGERS: Bobby Goldsborough, Barbra Streisand, Pet Clark.

ACTOR & ACTRESS: Richard Dunn and Loretta Young.

TV SHOWS: Branded, Batman and the Shadow—well, it would be if they made it a TV series.

COLORS: Blue, red and brown.

FOODS: I love all foods—except oysters.

HOBBIES: Building model planes and working with wood to build beautiful things.

SPORTS: Skin-diving, pool, ping-pong and football.

WHAT LOOKED FOR IN A GIRL: Tall, sun-tanned brunettes with long legs and long hair, and lots of humanity.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE TO DO ON A DATE?: I like to go to dinner (preferably Mexican) after the theatre.

BUSINESS PLANS & AMBITIONS: My greatest ambition is to stay out of the business world.

PERSONAL PLANS & AMBITIONS: To have a personal life separate from my professional life.

Full Fax on the rest of the Beach Boys coming up in the December issue of 16! Don't miss it!

HERMAN'S HERMITS "OUR

As the plane roared through the thin air its passengers turned pale and gasped for breath. Suddenly, Karl yelled, "An engine is on fire"

HONOLULU was fantastic. It was a perfect beginning for our tour. After drawing what the promoters told us was "a record crowd" at our Honolulu concert, we had three carefree days in which to swim, surf and get a tan. Back on the mainland, our good luck continued as we enjoyed playing for knock-out crowds in San Jose and Los Angeles. When we finished L.A., we boarded—along with fellow artists The Animals and the Three And A ½—the private Martin 202 plane we had chartered. That's when the trouble began.

We took off for Denver in the best of spirits. Some of the guys were looking out the window, as it was 10 a.m. and the view below was beautiful. Others were playing cards, and some were grabbing a nap. The plane, which was not pressurized, began to climb a bit. I thought nothing of it, but I did know that non-pressurized craft cannot exceed a certain height, as the air becomes thin and the oxygen in it diminishes.

Suddenly, I saw Johnny Angel, one of the Three, gasping for air. He was as white as a ghost and I truly thought he was dying of some sort of spasms. I was absolutely terrified. Then I noticed that some of the other fellows were wheezing and turning pale! The first thought that went through my mind was that some kind of gas must have escaped into the airplane and that we were all about to be asphyxiated!

The plane roared on and I looked below. I saw some mountains and realized that we were climbing to pass over them. I also rapidly deduced that if this kept up

we all would soon need some pure oxygen to breathe. Then came the worst part.

Eric Burdon, who is asthmatic, began to have convulsions. Panic, which is always the companion of such disastrous situations, began to take over. We all stared at each other, wondering which way to turn and what to do. The steward rushed out of the cockpit and said, "Please—all of you sit down. There is nothing wrong. Just stay calm."

He hurried over to Eric and Johnny and, with help, assisted them forward where two tanks of pure oxygen were produced and masks were slapped onto the boys' mouths. Within seconds, they were breathing normally—and, oddly enough, so was everyone else on the plane. You see, for the rest of us it was mostly panic that was causing our short breath and gasping. However, a third bottle of oxygen was passed about among us, as the pilot explained that we had scaled the mountains and were about to make a steep descent and an emergency landing at Farmington, New Mexico.

"I want to be sure that Eric and Johnny are O.K. before we fly on to Denver," he said. "I am radioing below for a doctor to be on hand."

Well, wouldn't you know our troubles were still not over! After a hair-raising dive toward the runway, we leveled off to land. Suddenly, Karl yelled, "An engine is on fire!"

I looked out the window and sure enough—fire and smoke were coming from one of the engines. Once again, I was terrified. I looked at Lek, who looked back at me as calmly as you please. It was like being inside some crazy dream.

When the plane came to a stop, everyone rushed to the door, which was at the back of the craft. I had been sitting forward, and I just had to wait and wait for everyone to get out. It seemed like hours. Finally, we all huddled together in the small airport waiting room—and the pilot came in. He had a very firm expression on his face. Slowly, we each looked at one another—and

Herman & The Hermits perform live on English TV.



HOUR OF TERROR!"

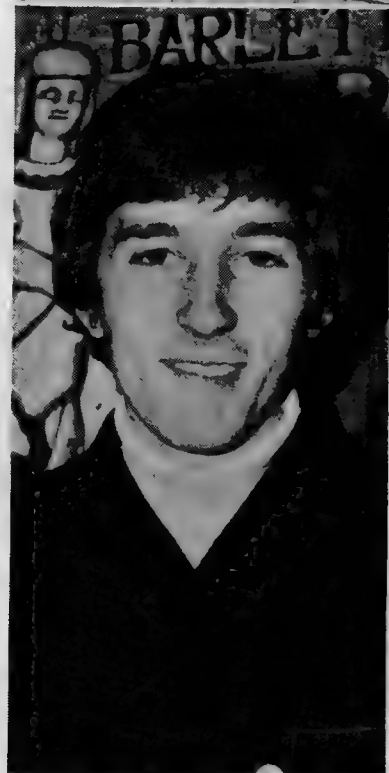
**(AND 20 FAB PIX
OF THE FAB FIVE)**

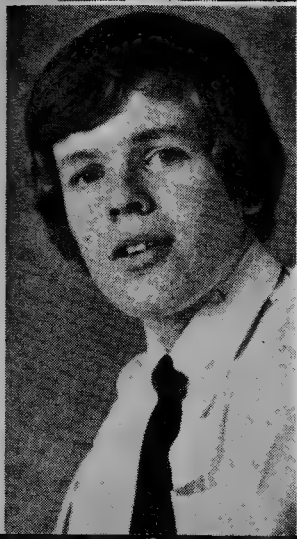


all at once we felt terribly guilty. "Men," he said, in a pleasant but sarcastic way, "the doctor is taking two of the Three to the local hospital. Eric is all right. I have loaded more oxygen on the plane and we are now departing for Denver. If, for any reason, the air gets thin again, please keep your seats and don't panic. There is plenty of oxygen and we are more than adequately prepared to take care of all of you."

He started to walk away, as we exchanged sheepish glances among ourselves. Then he turned and added, "As for that engine 'fire'—you'll see 'flame-out' on both engines when making a short, fast ascent or descent over an airfield. You should all know that by now."

Back aboard the plane, we revved up and took off—with a very sharp ascent. And—guess what?—he was right. The "flame-out" was there. But we weren't scared. We *knew* what it was!







GEEGEE'S GOSSIP

**WHAT'S
NEW**
with your
favorites
from coast
-to-coast!

to mob them the day before. The little dears didn't know their dream boys were back in town! . . . **HERMAN**, by the by, will do the romantic lead in ABC-TV's Stage 7 production of *The Canterville Ghost* on November 2. Don't you dare miss that! Whilst speaking of **HERMAN'S HERMITS**, I pick *L'Autre Jour* and *Dial My Number* as their next single hits—to be taken from their outasite LP *Both Sides Of Herman's Hermits* . . . Other GeeGee recommended LPs this month include *Mamas & Papas' Crashon Screamon Singon—All Fall Down* (which is, after all, exactly what these super-singers do); *Critters' Younger Girl on Kapp*; *The Circle's Red Rubber Ball* (includes *Turn Down Day*) on Columbia; *Elvis' Paradise Hawaiian Style* on RCA-Victor; *Elektra's What's Shakin'* (some good old *Lovin' Spoonful* bands on this; the *Animals' Animalization*, *The Classic Roy Orbison*, *Lou Christie Painter Of Hits Hank Williams' Movin' On-Luke The Drifter* (another all-time favorite of mine)—all these on MGM Records; *Aretha Franklin's Soul Sister* on Columbia; *Chrispian St. Peters' The Pied Piper on Jamie*—and, for you funny folk, *An Hysteric Return Of P.D.Q. Bach on Vanguard*.

EARLY IN AUGUST, BOB DYLAN was driving his motorcycle to the neighborhood repair shop in Bearsville, N.Y. (where he shares a home with his manager, ALBERT GROSSMAN), when the back wheel locked. BOBBY was hurled through the air and landed on his head. The medical report showed a broken neck, and the doctors told BOB that he must lie in bed for at least a month. If you wish to send BOBBY a card, address it to him at 75 East 55th Street, New York City—and keep your fingers crossed for him. I suppose this will delay publication of his forthcoming book, *Tarantula*. Stay tuned for further news . . . Good news is—tune in, turn on and drop dead from delight!—TIM HARDIN has cut an LP on Verve Folkways called *Tim Hardin 1*. It is so great and so different (original, remember them?) that it deserves special mention and you owe it to yourself to flash out and get a copy for your very own . . . The ANIMALS will probably have broken up by the time you read this, and ERIC will be surprising you with some important new moves . . . JILL IRELAND and CHARLES BRONSON won't talk to reporters regarding their supposed forthcoming marriage. Meanwhile, DAVID is easing his heartbreak by getting into circulation again *fast*. Wouldn't you? . . . CHRIS JONES fans—do not despair! CHRIS is up for two fab roles in two top films, so you'll be seein' plenty of ole JESSE around the corral, podners! . . . England's PRIME MINISTER WILSON is a gas! Not only did he personally cut the ribbon opening the Cavern in Liverpool for action again, but he also recommended that the youth of Britain use the BEATLES to model themselves after. "Don't be afraid to assert yourselves," quoth he. "We only got to the top with our pop culture because our pop groups asserted *themselves*." Hear, hear!

HERMAN (PETER NOONE) and the **HERMITS** played hosts to **DD&B** in Atlantic City recently when the latter drove over from *The Mike Douglas Show* in Philly to catch the former on the famous *Steel Pier*. Funny thing was, **DD&B** walked nonchalantly through throngs of girls who had tried

Chris Jones

Chris Farlowe

BURT (ROBIN) and **BONNEY WARD** named their new daughter (born August 5th in Hollywood) **LISA**. While posing for her first official family portrait **LISA** gave the world a great big wink! . . . English TV writer **OWEN HOLDER**'s three page idea for the next **BEATLE** movie has been accepted by J, P, G & R—so **OWEN** is now working on the film script. The boys start shooting in Eng. in Jan. . . **MICK JAGGER** is coming up a genius. A star in his own right, he also wrote and produced (along with **KEITH R.**) **CHRIS FARLOWE**'s hit, *Out Of Time* . . . **REVERE & THE RAIDERS** looked good on *The Milton Berle Show*—better than they looked on *The Tonight Show*, if that's possible . . . **PAUL JONES** left **MANFRED MANN** and is doing a flick called *Privilege* (full-length, color—about a teenage idol). His co-star? Beautiful top model **JEAN SHRIMPTON** (older sis of **MICK**'s bird, **CHRISSIE**) . . . Saw the bich-enest pic of the **EVERLY BROS.** in Irish teen mag *Spotlight* with **POPSTER KELLEY**, posing in super threads and looking better than ever. News, baby—they sing better than ever, too! . . . Destructive, damaging fans—yes, Virginia, there are quite a few and if you are one this message is for you: Do you realize the heartache (forget about the expense) you caused **BRIAN JONES** when you snatched his electric dulcimer (the only one in the world—and he had it especially made) from the van? Do you realize the unhappiness you brought to **HARPO** when you took his cherished (a gift from Fang) "Harpo horn"? And, last but not least, do you hat thieves who copped **HOSS'** and **CHEYENNE's** (road managers of the **RAIDERS**) cowboy hats know that you really took something very dear to them, no joke? And look at what **HOSS** is now forced to wear until you return his headgear (send it to 16 and I'll personally send it on to the guys—and that goes for Harpo's horn, too. Please!).

Before I sign off this round, take a look at those two gorgeous pussycats from *Daktari*. The two-legged one is **YALE SUMMERS**. More on him later.

The Word is love—pass it on.

Burt (Robin), Bonney & daughter.





Bob "Tarantula"



Eric & Friend



Paul & Jean



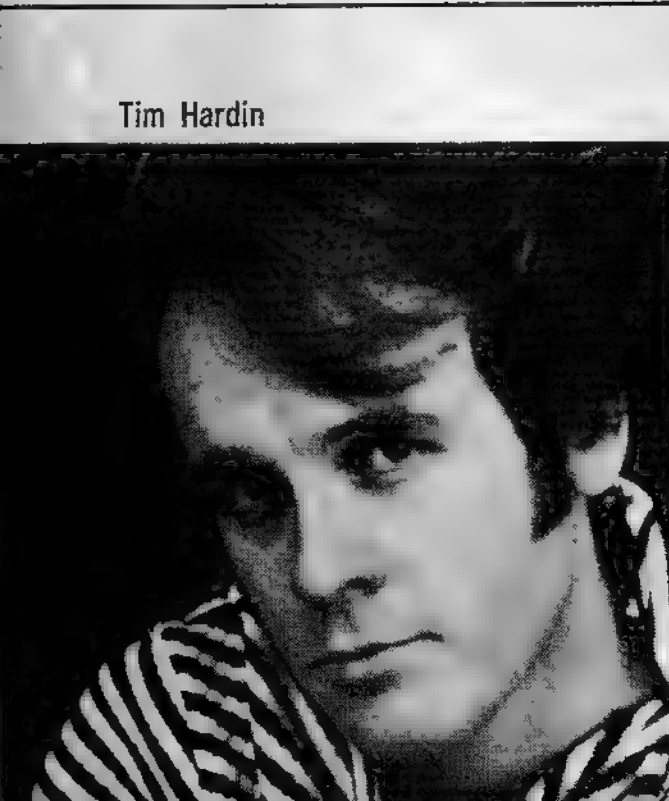
Kelley & Friends



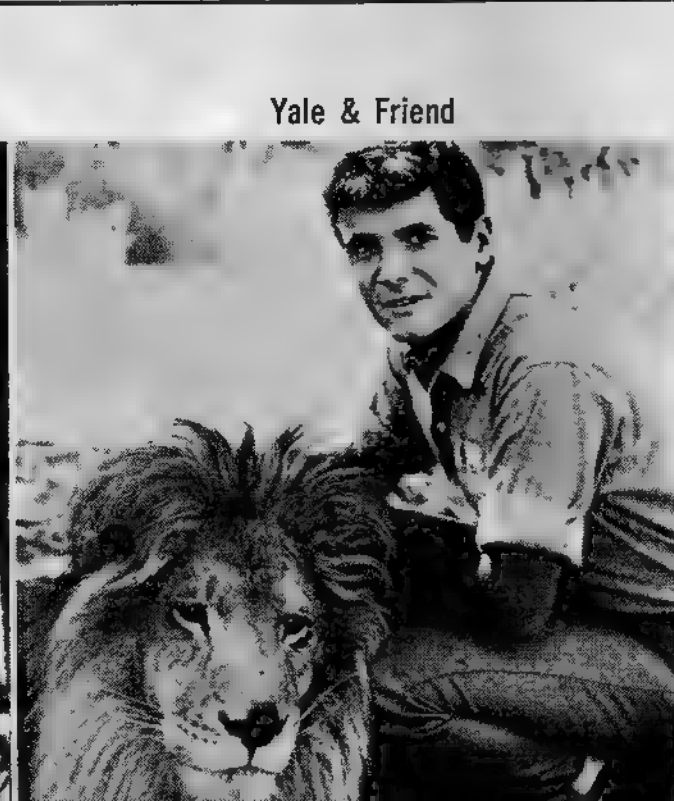
Brian



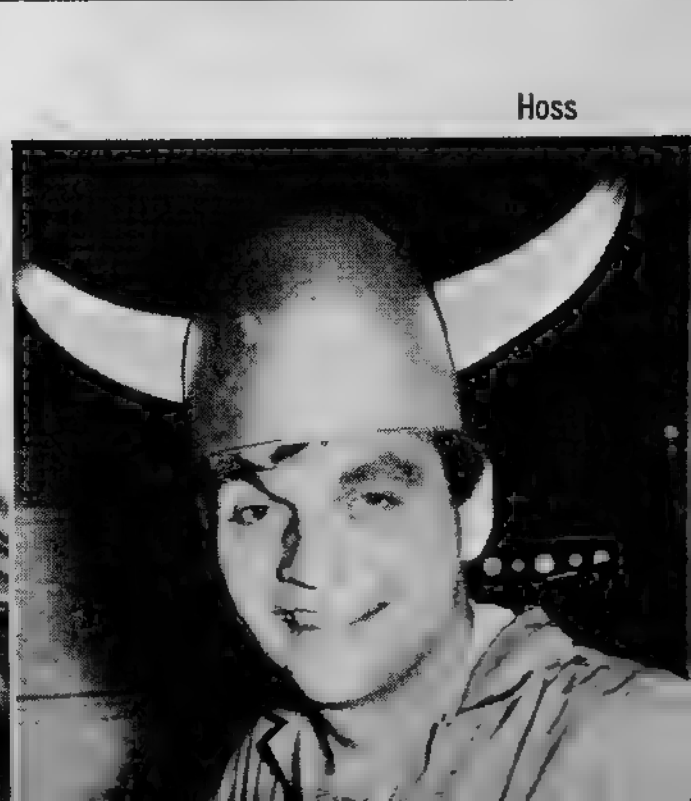
Harpo



Tim Hardin



Yale & Friend

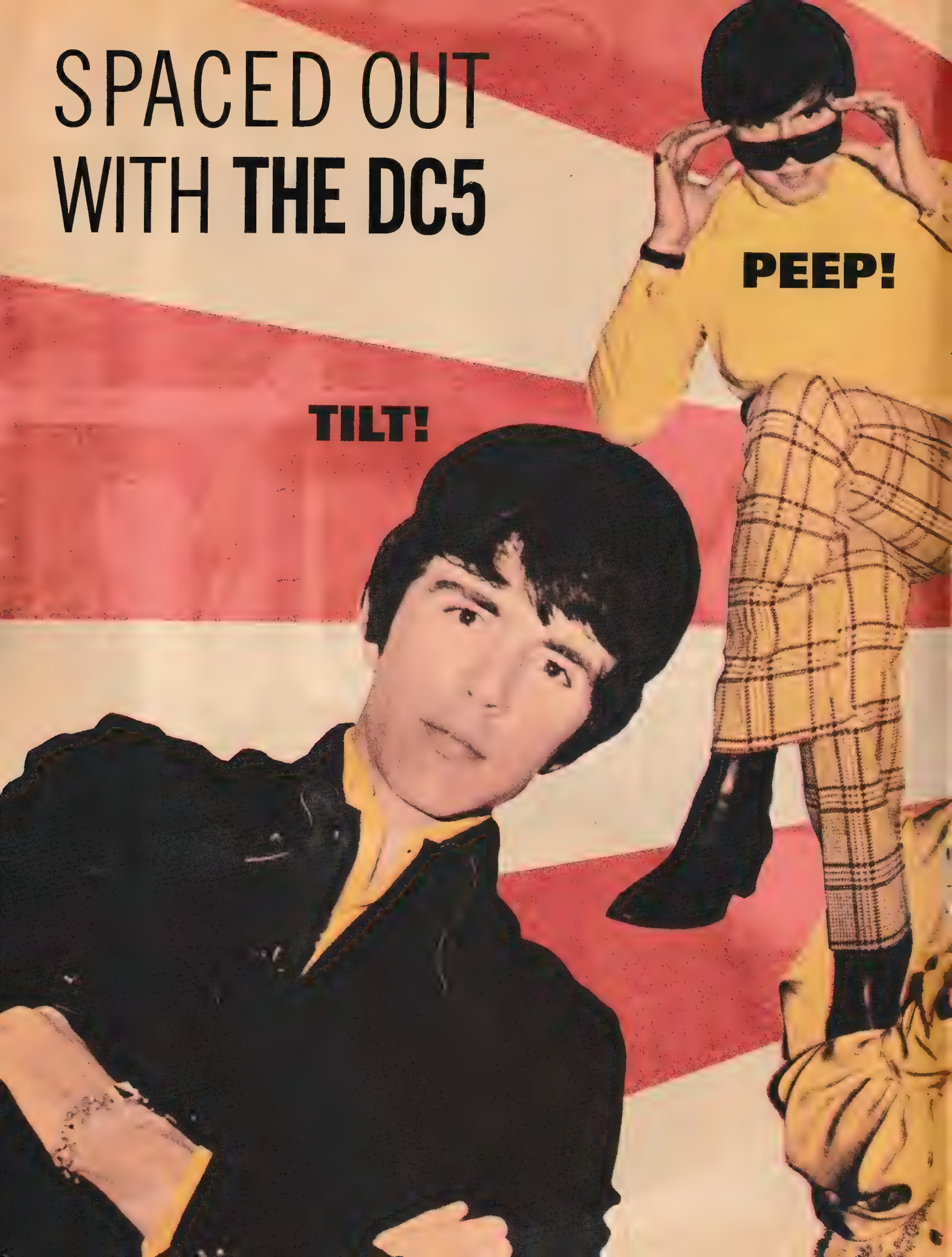


Hoss

SPACED OUT WITH THE DC5

PEEP!

TILT!



MORE THATAWAY

SOME?

BUTTON?



60 THINGS THE DC5 NEVER TOLD BEFORE!

DAVE CLARK

Dave designs a lot of his own clothes, including those groovy DC5 shirts. He went on a diet and lost fifteen pounds—and never looked better!

Milk is his favorite drink.

He loves to hear a girl speak with a French accent.

Dave is psychic and has predicted many incidents, therefore the boys always take note of his intuitions.

Dave designed most of the interior of his new home.

Dave has written several movie scripts. Don't be surprised if the DC5 use one of them in the near future.

He hopes to produce and direct a movie someday.

Dave prefers recording material written by the group themselves.

Upon his arrival in America, Dave bought two 40-pound dumb-bells so that he could still work out while on tour.

Dave's new great Dane loves the name "Bruffer," which was given him by a 16 reader.

Dave spends most of his holidays skiing in the south of France.

MIKE SMITH

Although all of the DC5 have been bruised in mob scenes, Mike holds the record for the most consistent knock-outs.

Mike's favorite of all the tunes the DC5 have recorded to date is an instrumental piece entitled Time which is on their very first album.

His nicknames are "Mick" and "Boomer," because of his booming voice.

Mike prefers suits with vents, which are usually made by his own tailor.

Mike always wears sweaters given to him by fans. He keeps every gift he gets.

Mike rarely sleeps while on tour, and is constantly on the go.

Even when he is standing still, Mike is constantly moving.

Mike has a secret desire to be a dramatic actor.

He loves his new black XKE and the home he recently purchased for his parents.

Mike and Dave spend a lot of spare time together.

Mike is the send-up of the group and he loves to put people on.

He is also the biggest flirt in the group.

DENIS PAYTON

His favorite expression is "Gee".

Denis spends a lot of time driving and working on his sports car.

Denis has written many new songs for the group. He likes fishing and bought new rods when the boys were in Bangkok.

He claims he is part French!

Denis is shy, but won't admit it.

Denny is self-conscious about the cute little dimple in his chin.

He wears a lot of leather and suede clothing.

He's gone on cufflinks — absolutely.

Denis would like to try his hand at record producing.

Denis is a camera bug.

He carries a guitar with him on tour and plays it in his spare time.

RICK HUXLEY

Rick enjoys listening to the Tijuana Brass albums.

He would like to own an antique shop.

He usually wears corduroy.

His favorite song by the group to date is *Come Home*.

He is one of the wittiest people you could ever meet.

He is the only one of the group who doesn't write songs.

His best friends are the ones he has known since his childhood.

Rick is a great mimic and constantly entertains the rest of the boys.

He use to be nicked "Huck."

He could someday be a great comedian or comedy writer.

Rick prefers country life to the city.

He uses a wrist watch with an alarm to wake himself up.

LENNY DAVIDSON

Lenny writes home every night while on tour.

His idol was once Billy Fury, a British rock and roll star of a few years ago.

He likes tweeds, prints (for shirts) and wide belts.

Lenny has always had a desire to be a movie cameraman.

Although he is very athletic, he can't swim.

Lenny is extremely quiet, but he can be quite a comedian when he wants to.

Lenny and Rick entertain the others by imitating funny skits they see on the telly.

Lenny doesn't like meats and usually eats salads and fruit.

He carries a portable chess set wherever he goes and usually has a game going with Mike. They take turns winning.

He is completely gone on horseback riding.

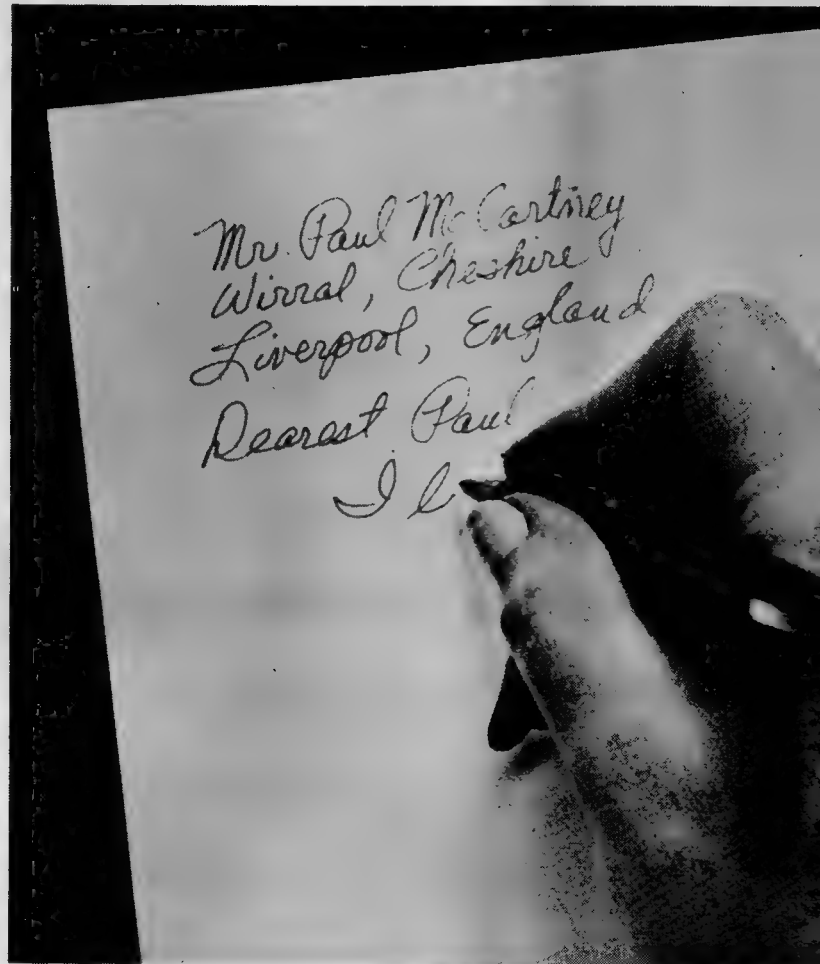
Lenny enjoys visiting discoteques.

He occasionally sings lead on the group's album cuts. He does "I'm On My Own" from the LP *I Like It Like That*.

NOW YOU CAN WRITE TO THESE STARS AT HOME!

PAUL McCARTNEY*
 PAUL McCARTNEY'S FATHER*
 MR. AND MRS. JOHN LENNON*
 JOHN LENNON'S AUNT MIMI*
 MICK JAGGER*
 BRIAN JONES*
 RINGO STARR*
 RINGO STARR'S PARENTS*
 GEORGE HARRISON*
 MR. AND MRS. HARRISON*
 GEORGE'S SISTER LOUISE*
 KEITH RICHARD*
 CHARLIE WATTS*
 DAVE CLARK*
 RICK HUXLEY*
 LENNY DAVIDSON*
 CARL WILSON*
 MIKE LOVE*
 JANE ASHER*
 MAUREEN COX*
 HERMAN AND HIS HERMITS*
 ELVIS PRESLEY*
 PRINCE CHARLES*
 RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN*
 JANET LANDGARD*
 PETER ASHER*
 DUSTY SPRINGFIELD*
 BILLY J. KRAMER*
 P. J. PROBY*
 THE SEARCHERS*
 THE MERSEYBEATS*
 THE HONEYCOMBS*
 TOMMY QUICKLY*
 HAYLEY MILLS*
 THE SHANGRI-LAS
 MIKE LANDON
 PETER McENERY
 BILL WYMAN*
 MIKE SMITH*
 DENIS PAYTON*

BRIAN WILSON*
 DENNIS WILSON*
 AL JARDINE*
 PATTIE BOYD*
 THE ANIMALS—
 ERIC BURDON*
 HILTON VALENTINE*
 ALAN PRICE*
 JOHNNY STEEL*
 ANN-MARGRET*
 GORDON WALLER*
 CILLA BLACK*
 SHELLEY FABARES*
 THE KINKS*
 THE HOLLIES*
 ROCKIN' BERRIES*
 GENE PITNEY*
 BOBBY SHERMAN*
 DEBBIE WATSON*
 DINO*, DESI AND BILLY
 THE CAVERN
 LESLEY GORE
 JOEY WEATHERTON
 PATTY DUKE
 CHAD AND JEREMY
 BOBBY RYDELL
 JOHNNY CRAWFORD
 CONNIE STEVENS
 DAVID JANSSEN
 THE ZOMBIES
 LUKE HALPIN
 BOBBY VINTON
 PAUL PETERSEN
 THE SUPREMES
 ANNETTE
 THE FOUR SEASONS
 CONNIE FRANCIS
 DAVID McCALLUM
 JAY AND THE AMERICANS
 GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS*



SEND FOR 16's EXCLUSIVE

ALL-STAR HOME ADDRESS BOOK

Here are home addresses you can't get anywhere else! Look at the names above! If they're marked like this: * you'll find their home addresses in 16's great All-Star Home Address Book. But that's not all . . . there's MORE! This marvelous book gives you the private, personal, fan club, record label and movie studio addresses of each and every star named here. Not only in the USA but in England, too. And MORE! You get brand new photos—never shown before—of most of these stars. But hurry! Simply fill out the coupon and mail it with a dollar bill to the address on the coupon.

NOVEMBER 1966

Please send me 16's All-Star Home Address Book. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZIP CODE.....

STATE.....

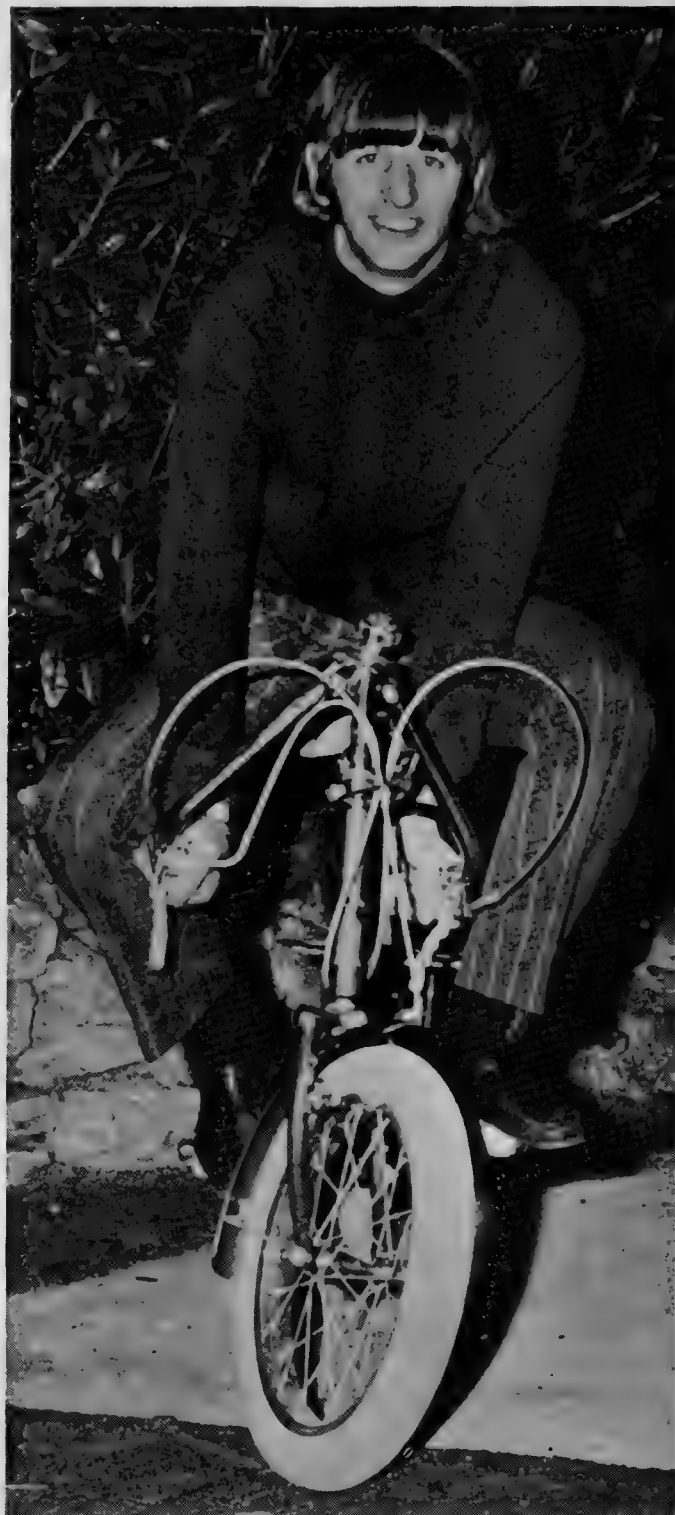
Mail coupon to: **16'S ALL-STAR HOME ADDRESS BOOK**
 16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

A "Wild Ride" with

RINGO STARR has gotten a brand-new "collapsible" bike as a gift and he is about to "demonstrate" it exclusively for you super 16 Beatle People. Hop aboard, kitty — and off you go for a madmadmad spin!



"They're the in thing, you know — bikes. Mine's a little queer-looking, but it works like magic."



"That is, except for the handle-bars. But we'll just give them a good yank up."

RINGO!

Pay attention, little ones, cos you're about to learn that it takes two to tango—uh, that is TANGLE!



"Oops — how's this? Slidin' off the seat, I am. Well, I'll stretch up a bit and that'll fix it."



"It's diabolical, that's what! The bloody thing's gone berserk, wouldn't you say?"



"Cor, let's pack it away in the boot of the mini — and join it ourselves for the ride. This is ridiculous!"

SING-ALONG WITH THE BEAT



And he told us of his life
in the land of submarines.
So we sailed on to the sun
Till we found the sea of green,
And we lived beneath the waves
in our yellow submarine,
We all live in a yellow submarine,
Yellow submarine, yellow submarine,
we all live in a yellow submarine,
yellow submarine, yellow submarine.

And our friends are all aboard,
Many more of them live next door—
And the band begins to play.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

As we live a life of ease
Everyone of us has all we need—
Sky of blue and sea of green.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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permission. Written by Lennon-McCartney.

ELEANOR RIGBY

(Lead singer, Paul McCartney)

Ah, look at all the lonely people.

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice
in the church
Where a wedding has been.
Lives in a dream.
Waits at the window, wearing the face
that she keeps in a jar by the door.
Who is it for?

(CHORUS)

All the lonely people,
where do they all come from?
All the lonely people,
where do they all belong?
Ah, look at all the lonely people.

Father McKenzie, writing the words
of a sermon that no one will hear—
No one comes near. Look at him
working, darning his socks in the night
when there's nobody there.
What does he care?

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Eleanor Rigby died in the church and
was buried along with her name.
Nobody came.
Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from
his hands as he walks from the grave.
No one was saved.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

(Lead singer, Paul McCartney)

To lead a better life, I need my love
to be here.

Here—making each day of the year,
Changing my life with a wave
of her hand.
Nobody can deny that there's
something there.

There—running my hands through
her hair,
Both of us thinking how good it can be,
Someone is speaking, but she doesn't
know he's there.

I want her everywhere,
And if she's beside me I know I
need never care,
But to love her is to meet
her everywhere.
Knowing that love is to share,
Each one believing that love never dies,
Watch her eyes and hoping I'm
always there.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

To be there, and everywhere.
Here and there and everywhere.

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permission. Written by Lennon-McCartney.

YELLOW SUBMARINE

(Lead singer, Ringo Starr)

In the town where I was born
Lived a man who sailed to sea,

SHE SAID SHE SAID

(Lead singer, John Lennon)

She said, I know what it's like
to be dead,
I know what it is to be sad,
And she's making me feel like I've
never been born.
I said, who put all those things in
your hair?
Things that make me feel that I'm mad,
And you're making me feel like I've
never been born.

She said, you don't understand
what I said,
I said no, no, no you're wrong.
When I was a boy, everything was right
Everything was right.
I said, Even though you know what
you know,
I know that I'm ready to leave,
Cos you're making me feel like I've
never been born.

She said, you don't understand
what I said.
I said no, no, no you're wrong.
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LES' LP "REVOLVER" (PART I)

GOOD DAY SUNSHINE

(Lead singer, Paul McCartney)

Good day, sunshine,
Good day, sunshine,
Good day, sunshine.

I need to laugh and when the sun is out,
I've got something I can blab about.
I feel good in a special way,
I'm in love and it's a sunny day.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

We take a walk, the sun is shining down,
Burns my feet as they touch the ground.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

And then we lie beneath a shady tree,
I love her and she's loving me,
She feels good, she knows she's
looking fine.

I'm so proud to know that she is mine.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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permission. Written by Lennon-McCartney.

FOR NO ONE

(Lead singer, Paul McCartney)

Your day breaks, your mind aches,
You find that all her words of kindness
linger on,

When she no longer needs you.
She wakes up, she makes up.
She takes her time and doesn't feel
she has to hurry,
She no longer needs you.

(CHORUS)

And in her eyes you see nothing.
No sign of love behind the tears
cried for no one.
A love that should have lasted years.

You want her, you need her,
And yet you don't believe her when
she says
Her love is dead, you think
she needs you.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

You stay home, she goes out.
She says that long ago she
knew someone,
But now he's gone she doesn't need him.
The day breaks, your mind aches,
There will be times when all the
things she said
Will fill your head, you won't forget her.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

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permission. Written by Lennon-McCartney.

I WANT TO TELL YOU

(Lead singer, George Harrison)

I want to tell you, my head is filled with
things to say.

When you're here, all those words they
seem to slip away.

When I get near you, the games begin
to drag me down.

It's all right, I'll make you maybe next
time around.

But if I seem to act unkind, it's only me,
It's not my mind that is confusing things.

I want to tell you, I feel hung up and
I don't know why.

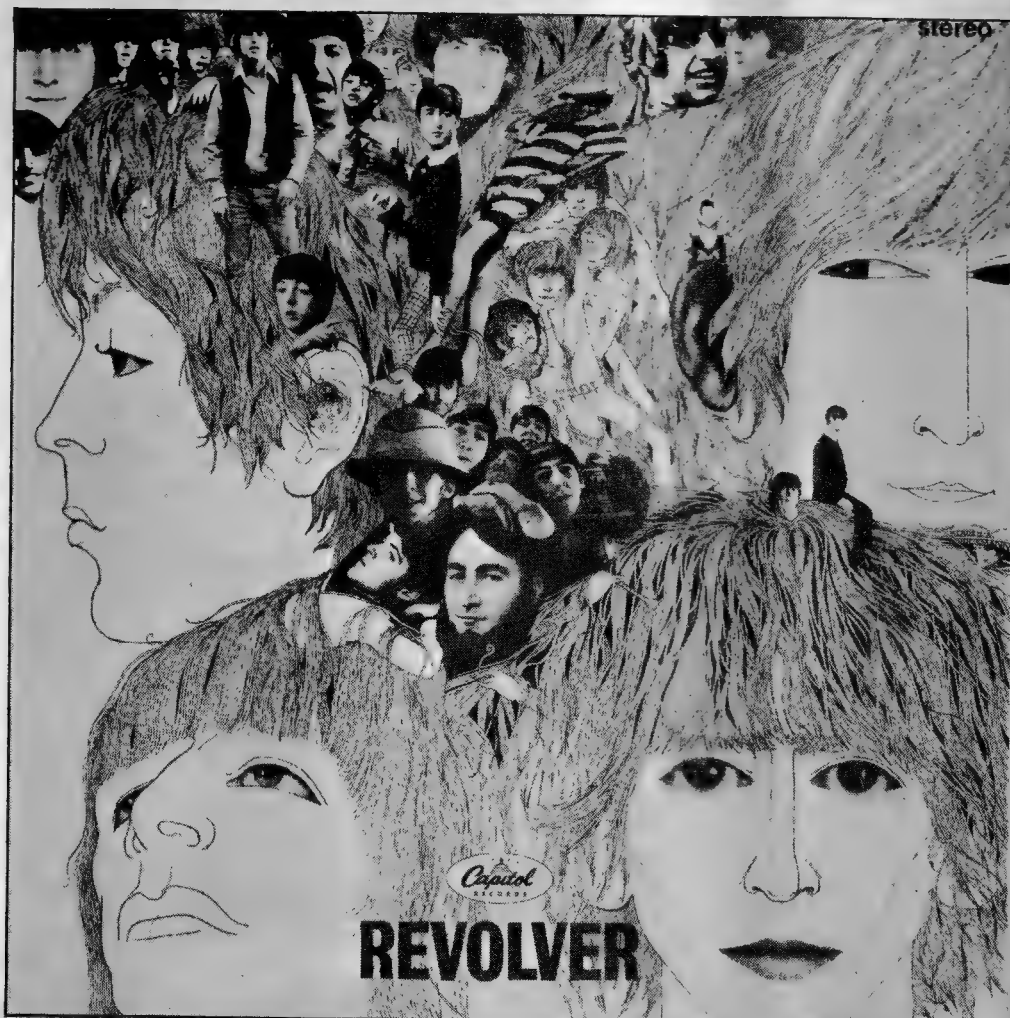
I don't mind, I could wait forever,
I've got time.

Sometimes I wish I knew you well,
Then I could speak my mind
and tell you,
Maybe you'd understand.

I want to tell you, I feel hung up
and I don't know why,
I don't mind, I could wait forever,
I've got time.
I've got time.

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Next month 16's *Sing-Along* presents the rest of the Beatles "Revolver" lyrics (*Love You To, Taxman, Got To Get You Into My Life & Tomorrow Never Knows*)—plus lyrics to other brand new hit tunes by the top recording stars. The December issue of 16 goes on sale on October 20th—don't miss it!



"SPEND A DREAM DAY WITH ME" by DINO MARTIN, JR.

YOU are the one—the Dream Girl whom Dino has chosen to share the dreamiest day in his life!

WELCOME to my "dream day." You are the one who is going to come along with me while I spend a whole afternoon and evening doing exactly what I wish most of all to do:

This is a beautiful Saturday. The sun is shining and there is a nice breeze blowing. I pick you up at about noon in my fabulous Ferrari Berlinetta sports car (it's my dream, so I can do what I want!). You make me happy by not only digging my fast, beautiful car — but by flipping for the short-wave phone I have had installed (in case of emergency you can even call home) and grooving the Lear Cartridge stereo player I have had installed in the car — so we shall have music wherever we go!

I carefully fasten your seat belt and off we zoom. Our first stop is a drive-in I happen to like very much, where we have a pizza and a soda. Or two. Next, we whip out onto the freeway and in no time at all we are at the test-car area where I spend most of my free weekends. This is where the world's top drivers test such luxurious and fast cars as the Cobra, Ford GT-Mark II, Corvettes and Ferraris. The Mark II is the fastest private car going now. It can safely and comfortably reach 200 mph!

With me, you'll have to be patient and be a good sport. Not only am I a straight-out car nut, but I also dig going down into the pits and watching the mechanics work. I hope you are the kind of girl who doesn't get all prissy about a little grease — or a lot of grease, for that. After we hang around the pits for a while I get very lucky, for one of the drivers allows me to drive a brand-new experimental Ferrari around the course. I am not allowed to rev her up (only the test drivers can give these priceless numbers a real rough workout). However, it is the thrill of a lifetime to me to be driving one around the track and, of course, I am doubly happy because you are there watching and I like that proud look you have in your eyes.

After spending several exciting hours at the test course, we hop back into my car and I tell you to close your eyes until I say, "Open" — for I have a nice surprise for you. When I stop the car and you open your eyes, you find yourself

parked with me in the private drive in front of our home in Beverly Hills. I escort you to my front door and inside, where I have the pleasure of introducing you to my entire family — from little sis Gina right up to my dad, Dean Martin, Sr. You mustn't be self-conscious because we both are a bit dusty, for my family is quite down-to-earth and much prefer to see you as you really are and not all dolled up.

You hit it off great from the beginning with my two older sisters, Claudia and Deana (who are super-friendly and kind to everyone), and soon they have loaned you a swim suit and we are all out in the pool together having a ball — though a somewhat wet one. Later, the girls take you upstairs, where you fix each other's hair (yes, they have a hair-drier) and you fix your make-up (which I hope you wear very little of). Then you change into another pair of slacks and a soft, ruffy blouse (don't worry, I had reminded you in advance to bring along extra clothes)—and you come sweeping down our lovely spiral staircase.

For dinner, I have picked my favorite restaurant in all Hollywood. It is the Luau — and you are in for a special thrill. I have already called ahead, so when we arrive at the Luau the head waiter escorts us directly to our table — which happens to be snuggled in a dim corner, surrounded by trees and a small fountain. If you don't know what to order, just leave that to me. I am an expert on Polynesian dishes.

After a delightful, leisurely dinner, we hop into the car again and make one last stop at the Daisy (my favorite L.A. disco), where we enjoy a long, romantic slow dance ('fraid I'm not the fast-dance type). When I finally leave you at your doorway, I thank you for a beautiful day and, as I wave and drive away, I only hope that you enjoyed it all as much as I did — and that we will do the whole thing all over again one day soon.

In the December issue of 16 (on sale October 20th), Desi will take you along with him on his "dream day" — and, boy, are you in for a great surprise! See ya' then.



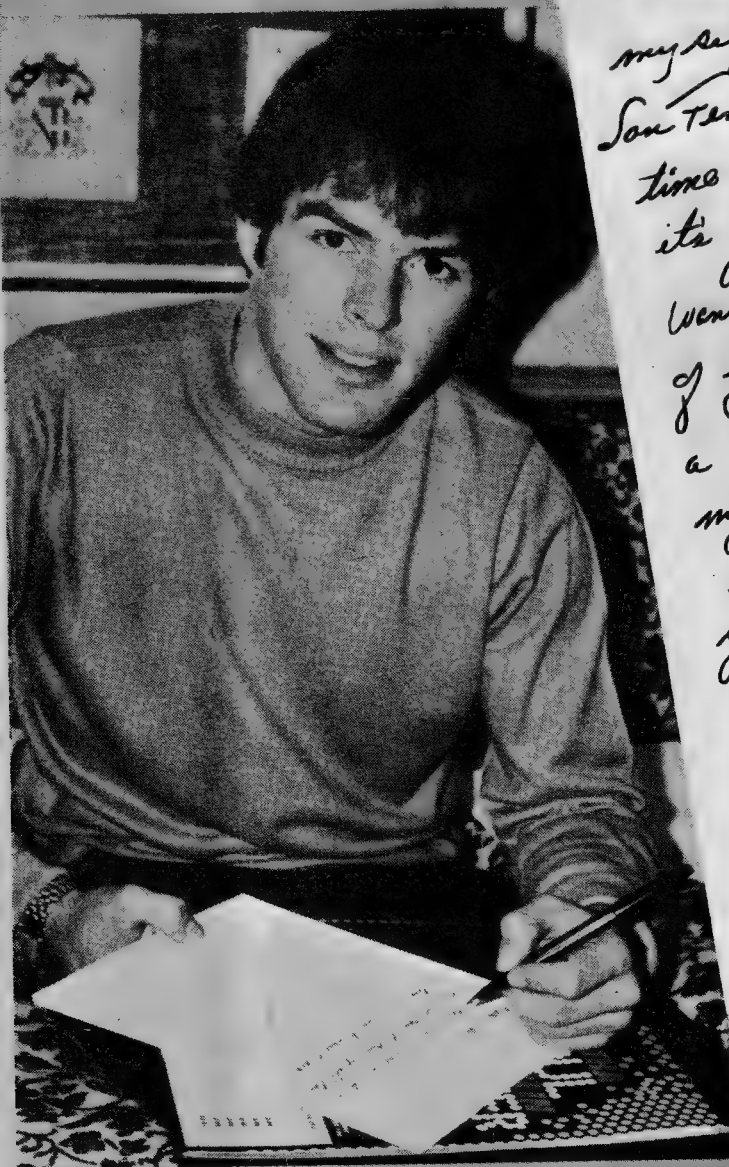
Desi

Billy

Dino

EXCLUSIVE
H&B COLOR
PIN-UP

Smitty's Letter to You



Dear 16's--

I hope you all had ^{a (cops!)} fun summer! I'm sorry you have to give up all the free time; I know I wasn't real anxious to go back to school each fall. The Raiders sure had a busy summer, with touring, recording and filming Action, and planning the movie-- there wasn't much free time for us, but we did have a great summer.

I did find the time to buy myself a new house out in the Sonoma Valley. It's the first time I've ever bought a house, and it's got a lot of the things I always wanted, like, lots of room, and lots of yard, and a swimming pool with a built-in hot tub. It's really fun having my own house, I can play the stereo loud and anytime I want, or I can go swimming anytime I want.

By the way so many of you have written me asking about Britz and wanting to see what he looks like that I have decided to give 16 a picture of him to print. So stay tuned! till then, love--loo that makes the world go 'round!

Smitty

WOW! take a look at this!



For the
FIRST time
ANYWHERE...
Signed
Wallet-size
Photos in
Living

ANOTHER 16 SCOOP?! Indeed, it is! First with the most, as always, 16 here offers you the golden opportunity of your lifetime — an opportunity to get for your very own a collection of unbelievably beautiful, clear, wallet-size, signed color portraits of all your top favorite dream guys . . . each portrait reproduced on extra-heavy “unwrinkable” glossy paper.

Here's a list of the fab guys you can carry around in living color in your wallet — for all you girl friends to see and go absolutely green over:

PAUL McCARTNEY
PHIL “FANG” VOLK
HERMAN
KEITH ALLISON
JOHN LENNON
ROLLING STONES
ROBERT VAUGHN
MIKE “SMITTY” SMITH
BILLY HINSCH
MIKE SMITH
RICK HUXLEY

MARK LINDSAY
DAVID McCALLUM
DINO MARTIN, JR.
DAVE CLARK
DESI ARNAZ
GEORGE HARRISON
PAUL REVERE
JIM “HARPO” VALLEY
DENIS PAYTON
LENNY DAVIDSON
RINGO STARR

This whole groovy bundle of wallet-size pix in living, breathing color can be yours with no more effort than filling in the coupon on this page and cutting it out and mailing it (to the address on the coupon) with a one-dollar bill attached. That's all it takes — just the coupon and a one-dollar bill. Do you know of an easier way to get to heaven?

COLOR!

WALLET-SIZE
PHOTOS IN COLOR

NOVEMBER 1966

Please send me 16's Signed Wallet-Size Photos in Color. I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZIP CODE

STATE

Cut out and mail coupon to:

WALLET-SIZE PHOTOS IN COLOR

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022



The Action Kids: left to right, Roger, Roberta, Ted, Jerilyn

THE ACTION KIDS IN A

ROGER MINAMI — *Personal data:* Born in Honolulu, Hawaii, on June 16, 1947. He is five feet, seven inches tall and has brown eyes and black hair. His parents and one sister live in Los Angeles. He lives with a family in a luxurious estate in Hollywood, where he gardens for them weekends. *Faves:* We Five, Mamas & Papas, Steve Alaimo, Audrey Hepburn, blue and brown colors, steak and lobster, painting, gardening and skiing. Likes intelligent, quiet girls with inner beauty.

ROBERTA TENNES — *Personal data:* Born January 25, 1948. She is five feet, five inches tall and has red-

dish-blond hair and green eyes. She lives in an apartment above the Sunset Strip in Hollywood. Faves: Everly Brothers, Righteous Brothers, Keith Allison, Robert Redford, I Spy, the color blue, artichokes and spinach, studying music and playing tennis. Likes boys who are cute and have good manners.

TED LEPLAT — *Personal data:* Born in Manhattan, N.Y., on February 28, 1947. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and has blond hair and blue eyes. He lives in a house overlooking Hollywood and Los Angeles. *Faves:* Beatles, Rolling Stones, Animals, Tina Mason, Ray Charles, Burt Lancaster, Where The Action Is, blue

and red colors, steak, astronomy, surfing and weight-lifting. Likes sincere girls who wear very little makeup.

JERILYN STAPLETON — *Personal data:* Stage name is Jeri Lyn. Born in East Chicago, Ind., on April 13, 1948. She is four feet, eleven inches tall and has long, dark brown hair and brown eyes. She lives in an apartment in the Hollywood Hills. *Faves:* Paul Revere & The Raiders, Righteous Brothers, Peggy Lee, Geraldine Page, Paul Newman, U.N.C.L.E., gold and green colors, knitting and horseback riding. She likes boys who are sincere and straightforward.



PHOTO BY GLORIA STAYERS

d, Jeri Lyn, Lesley, Mike, Pete & Jill.

NUTSHELL

FULL FAX ON YOUR SWINGING FAVORITES
OF TV's SWINGING-EST SHOW!

LESLEY EVANS — *Personal data:* Born in Hollywood, Calif., on November 20, 1946. She is five feet, five inches tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She lives with her parents in a large home in Studio City. *Faves:* The Raiders and Gary Lewis & The Playboys, Tony Bennett, Charles Bronson, Mary Tyler Moore, designing clothes and painting, water and snow skiing. Likes boys who are friendly and unselfish.

MICHAEL "MIKE" WILLIAMS — *Personal data:* Born in San Diego, Calif., on April 20, 1947. He is five feet, six inches tall and has brown hair and brown eyes. He lives in a

new home in Laurel Canyon. *Faves:* The Sunrays, Paul Revere & The Raiders, James Brown, Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, red and green colors, boxing. Likes girls who are sincere and who wear very little makeup.

HAROLD FREDRICK MENEFFEE, JR. — *Personal data:* Stage name is Pete Menefee. Born in San Diego, Calif., on July 2, 1947. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and has blond hair and blue eyes. He lives in an apartment in Hollywood. *Faves:* Herman & The Hermits, Mamas & Papas, Petula Clark, Ann Margret, Dick Van Dyke, the color blue, pizza, drawing and

playing tennis. Likes girls who have a friendly personality and who enjoy sports.

JILL GORDON — *Personal data:* Born on October 9, 1947. She is five feet, six inches tall and has blue eyes and blonde hair. She lives in a Spanish-style apartment in Sherman Oaks. *Faves:* Everly Brothers, Steve Alaimo, Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, I Spy, yellow and pink colors, billiards and bowling. Her dream boy is a handsome guy named Jim—whom she married.

PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS SPEND A DAY WITH "FARMER BROWN"

*C'mon and join the boys as
they frolic with
Mother Nature!
It's a RIOT!*



IT WAS A lucky day for R & R—and you 16 pussycats—when farmer Ralph Brown invited Paul and the boys to spend an afternoon relaxing on his beautiful farm just outside of Bristol, Wisconsin. The irrepressible Raiders didn't do much relaxing, cos (each Raider having been brought up on farms) they were groovin' running around and posing for 16's camera, with everything from the local livestock to the crabapple tree. So let loose, swing—and join the fun down on the farm with Paul Revere & the Raiders!

"First, we want you to meet our new buddy — Farmer Brown. Do you like the jazzy t-shirt we gave him?"





"How'd you like to swing on my swing? And here's a dandelion for you to blow on and make a wish."



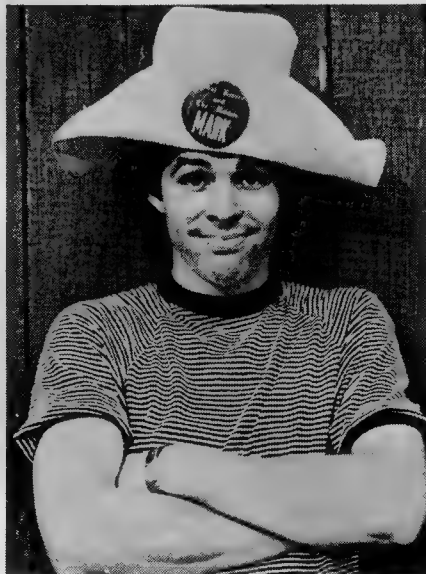
"Tain't his swing — it's my swing! But you're still welcome aboard. Dig my hat?"



"Tain't his hat — it's my hat. And shortly after this pic was taken, someone copped it off the bus. Was it you?"



"Speaking of hats — how does this one grab you, pussycat?"



"Or worse — I mean, better — yet, how about this little number? Mark who? My name is Fang!"



"Well, guess who ended up with Harpo's chapeau? That's right — 'Star', Farmer Brown's horse!"



"This, little ones, is a gen-yoo-wine bull steer. Please don't wave red flags!"



"And this is a beautiful, soft, fuzzy, friendly boy — I mean, bunny."



"What's a farm without a great, big, groovy doggie? He's the one on the left, luv's."



"How do us millionaires relax? Why, driving about in our Rolls Royces — that's how."



"Hey, little girl — wanta meet me behind the crabapple tree?"



"Wah-hoo! Watch out, corn fields, here we come!!"



"Now, what's so funny about a cow named Mark —?"



"Aw, gee — Farmer Brown — please let us out! We'll be good boys — we promise!"

NOW YOU CAN
KNOW SECRETS
ABOUT THESE
SIX
"SWEETHEARTS"
THAT HAVE
NEVER BEEN
PRINTED BEFORE!

PHIL "FANG" VOLK



PAUL McCARTNEY

DINO MARTIN, JR.

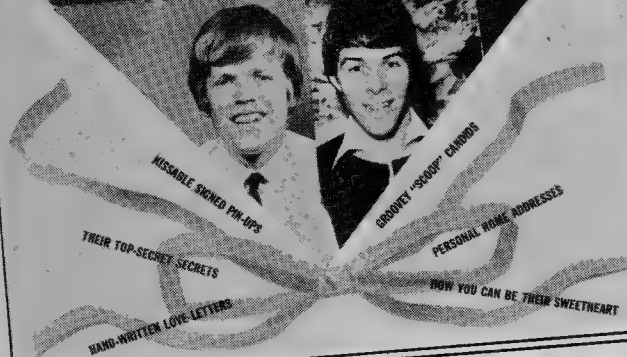
MICK JAGGER

HERMAN

MARK LINDSAY

16's SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK

♥ PAUL McCARTNEY ♥ HERMAN ♥ MARK LINDSAY ♥
DINO MARTIN, JR. ♥ MICK JAGGER ♥ PHIL "FANG" VOLK



HEY — it'll be like you know all these dream guys personally! And you will — practically. 16's *SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK* tells you ten super-secret secrets about these six fabulous dream guys never before published! PLUS their home addresses — PLUS a love letter to you in their own handwriting — PLUS a tried-and-true list of the things you can do to become their favorite sweetheart — PLUS: DELICIOUS KISSABLE CLOSE-UP SIGNED PIN-UPS — AND FOUR ADORABLE NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN CANDIDS OF EACH STAR! All this can be yours for only one dollar — but don't delay — or you could miss out entirely. Mail this coupon *now*!

16's SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK

Please send me 16's *Secret Sweetheart Book*.
I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZIP CODE

STATE

Mail coupon to:

16's SECRET SWEETHEART BOOK
16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022



THE "MYSTERY GIRL" IN DAVID McCALLUM'S LIFE!

Her name is Kathie Carpenter. She is a 21-year-old American model. Here is the story of how Kathie and David met and how they feel about each other.



DAVID McCALLUM, the handsome heartbreaker from *U.N.C.L.E.* has re-entered the bachelor sweepstakes again after his recent amicable separation from Jill Ireland. David has certainly proved himself to be a man of *A.C.T.I.O.N.*, for he has already been seen hither, thither and yon (like from Europe to the Sunset Strip) with a lovely American model named Kathie Carpenter.

Kathie, whom David met casually almost a year ago when he was doing a photo layout for a slick fashion mag, is a 21-year-old New Yorker. She—well, like who *wouldn't?*—dug David from the first moment she met him. But she kept this to herself, for he was very much the

married man at the time. By coincidence, many months later Kathie went to Rome at exactly the same time that David was there filming *Three Bites Of The Apple*. In no time, they ran into each other and soon were running around together (this happened *after* Jill announced that she and David were separating).

When David returned to California, he invited Kathie to come out and let him have the pleasure of showing her around *The City Of The Angels*—Los Angeles. As things stand now, David is definitely *not* going steady, but he does admit to liking Kathie very much. So, like they say, *anything* can happen now!



Lucky Kathie — she gets to cuddle up to everybody's dream guy, Illya Youknow-who —



— Who doesn't seem to mind all the attention he is getting one bit.

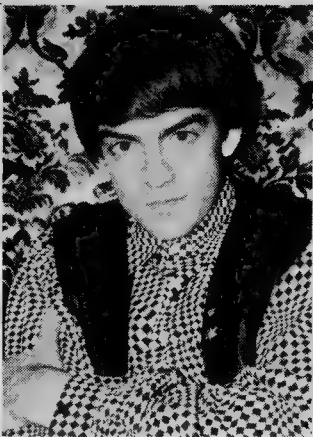


David looks dreamy and Kathie looks doubtful. Like maybe he'll vanish or something!



Yours
David McCarroll

OUTASITE RAIDERS—BEATLES



You wouldn't believe that a contest could be so

Kah-POW!! Get ready to zoom right out of this galaxy on a non-stop flight straight to heaven! Guess what's gonna be yours, *yours*, YOURS? Clothes, *clothes*, CLOTHES—and all of them personally belong to the Raiders, the Beatles and Herman's Hermits! Quick before you melt—read this list of super-fabulous goodies that you can get free for nothin'—and E-Z-er than pie!

FROM THE RAIDERS

PAUL REVERE—One of his very own Raider hats with a beautiful, white feather border.

MARK LINDSAY—A "Hamlet" shirt with long puffy sleeves from his personal wardrobe.

PHIL VOLK—A "Raider-type" leather vest that fastens at the side—made-to-order for Fang (and you).

MIKE SMITH—A gorgeous, really-and-truly Raider coat—gold trim, shiny buttons, lace cuffs and all.

JIM VALLEY—One of Harpo's favorite "poor boy" sweaters from his private collection.

FROM THE BEATLES

PAUL McCARTNEY—One of those bright, flowered, way-out ties from Paul's endless tie collection.

GEORGE HARRISON—A pair of his own "Ben Frank" specs with rectangular frames and tinted lenses.

RINGO STARR—A JAL "hapi" coat from the collection the Beatles were given just before they landed in Tokyo (see Page 12).

JOHN LENNON—What else but one of his very own Lennon-type-visor caps, me luvs.

HERMAN & THE HERMITS

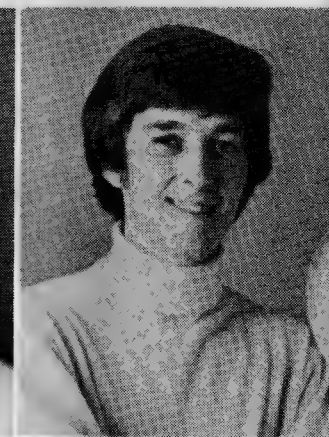
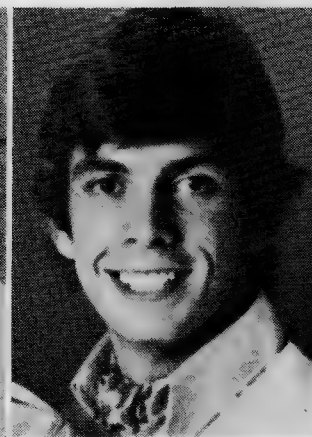
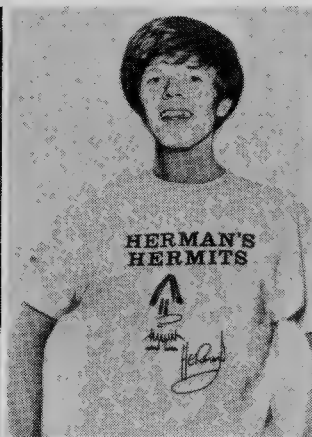
HERMAN—A "Herman" sweat shirt with his name stamped on it in big letters—plus his personal autograph dedicated just to you.

KARL GREEN—From his vast collection of groovey, great big cuff links, Karl is selecting a special pair just for you.

KEITH HOPWOOD—Since soft turtle-neck sweaters are Keith's faves, he is going to pass one of his very own along to you.

—HERMITS CONTEST!

**YOU CAN
WIN THEIR
CLOTHES!**



E-Z—and so much FUN! But here it is!

BARRY WHITWAM—A gorgeous silk scarf that Barry himself bought on Carnaby Street in London.
LEK LECKENBY—Conservative Lek has picked a narrow black knit tie for you to wear (as a belt maybe) to remind you of him.



Now, climb down to earth for a minute and listen to how you can make one of these groups' clothes—or **ALL THREE** of these groups' clothes—all yours and yours alone!

If you would like to own just *one* of the groups' clothes, mark a big, bold **X** in the box beside the name of the group whose clothes you prefer on the coupon. Then fill in the remainder of the coupon and mail it to the address on the coupon. **BUT BE SURE TO WRITE ON THE ENVELOPE THE NAME OF THE GROUP WHOSE CLOTHES YOU WANT TO WIN.** Write either: "Raiders' Clothes Contest" OR "Beatles Clothes Contest" OR "Herman's Hermits Clothes Contest"—and then below write the name and address of *16 Magazine*.

If you would like to deck yourself out in the gear of **ALL THREE** groups, just fill in *three separate* coupons—each coupon with a big, bold **X** marked in the box beside the name of a different group. Then fill in the remainder of the three coupons and mail them all together in *one envelope* to the address on the coupons. **ON THE ENVELOPE BE SURE TO WRITE:** "Raiders or Beatles or Herman's Hermits Clothes Contest"—and then below write the name and address of *16 Magazine*.

All coupons will be dropped inside a barrel. The barrel will then be revolved and *16's* editor, Gloria Stavers, *blindfolded*, will pick one coupon at a time from the barrel. The first *three* coupons she picks which bear an **X** beside a *different* group's name will be the winners—and the three senders of these coupons will each be awarded the group's clothes she selected!

Can you believe that getting these fab prizes are just that *E-Z* and so much fun? You sure can, luvs! So quick-like a rabbit make a great big **X** on the coupon and get it on its way!

IMPORTANT! YOU CANNOT ENTER THE "RAIDER—BEATLES—HERMITS CLOTHES CONTEST" UNLESS YOU USE THIS COUPON! FILL IT IN, CUT IT OUT AND MAIL IT NOW!

"RAIDERS—BEATLES—HERMITS CLOTHES CONTEST"

Please enroll me in *16's* "Raiders—Beatles—Hermits Clothes Contest." I have marked an **X** in the box beside the group whose clothes I want to win.

☐ RAIDERS' CLOTHES.

☐ BEATLES' CLOTHES.

☐ HERMITS' CLOTHES.

Please print:

MY NAME AGE

ADDRESS

CITY ZIP CODE

STATE

Cut out and mail this coupon to:

(PRINT NAME OF GROUP WHOSE CLOTHES YOU WANT)
16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

"My Brother, Keith"

by Cherri Allison

LUCKY is not a good enough word for *me*—I think I'm extra-super-triple-lucky. You see, I have a big brother who is so wonderful, so sweet and so good that I consider being his little sister a very special privilege. But—as an extra added attraction—my big brother is also one of the stars of that wonderful TV show, *Where The Action Is*, and he is a Columbia recording artist—and he lives in a groovy house in Hollywood!

This past summer I had the pleasure of spending two months with Keith—hope you guessed it by now!—in his new home in Northridge, and did I ever have a fab time! First off, I was allowed to go on location with him a couple of times, which meant that I saw a lot of California and got to go to New York City for a week.

While I was in Hollywood, Keith took me to DeVoss Clothing Store and let me shop. I got some of those great "Hamlet" shirts, some granny glasses and a "Lou" hat. I went home and got all dressed up, and that night Keith took me to see the clubs on the "Strip." I went to the Trip, It's Boss and the Go Go. I think the Trip was my favorite, because the sound there is SUPER-LOUD and young people who go there are so *with it*.

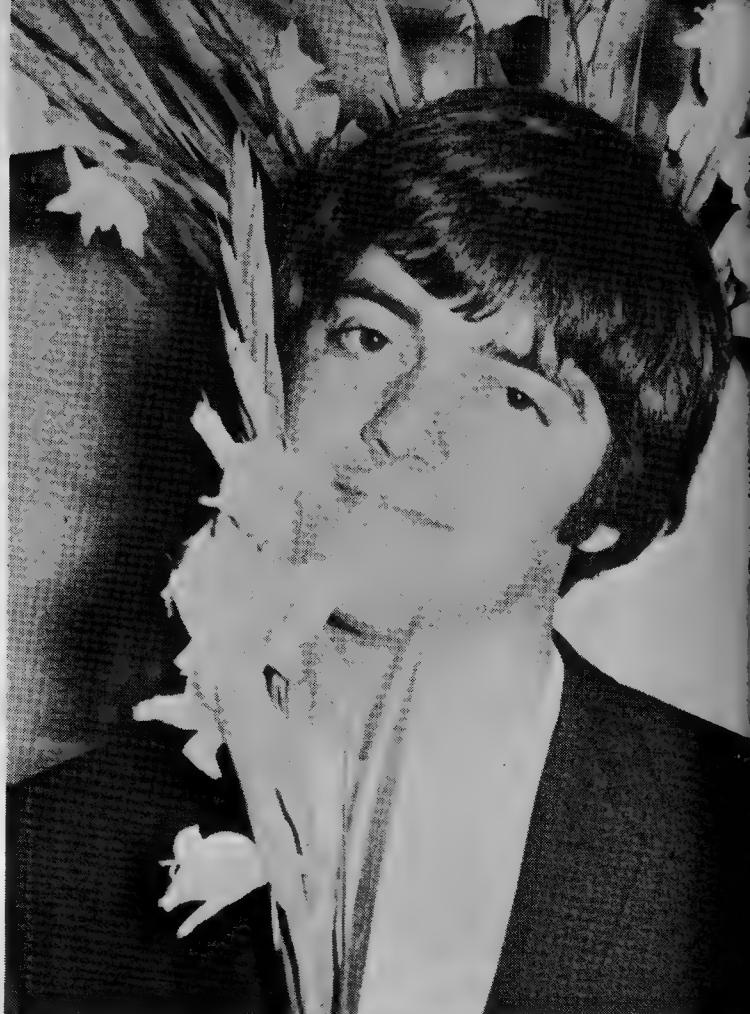
I know a lot of you must have *one* special question burning in your minds, so here is the answer: Yes, I *did* get to meet the Raiders. I met them when *Action* was shooting on location near Carmel. Also on the show were the Everly Brothers, Vic Dana, Tommy Sands, Syndicate Of Sound, Billy Joe Royal, Gary Lewis, Viceroy's and—of course—the Robbs and the *Action Kids*. Wow—like am I *lucky*!

As for the Raiders, my favorite is Fang. I nearly flipped when he shook my hand and said, "Hi there, Cherri. It's good to meet you." He has a special twinkle in his eyes and you know that he really means what he is saying. I got up all my nerve at one point and I asked him, "Fang, I read somewhere that you have a secret steady girl. Is that true?"

Almost before I finished my question, he broke out laughing. Then he got serious. "Hey, that's not so funny, come to think of it," he said. "No—*positively* N-O! I don't have a steady and I am not looking for one. I like to meet many different types of girls and I like to date as many as I can. I am definitely footloose and fancy free, Cherri!"

Needless to say, that cheered me up considerably—as I am sure it will cheer a lot of you 16-ers to know the truth.

Well, my holiday has come to an end, but I still have many happy memories to warm me through the long winter months. I think that one of the nicest recollections of all is the fact that so many of you have been so kind to my big brother. I love ya' for it—and I hope we all meet again real soon!



↓ Keith & Cherri



CONTEST NEWS

"FIVE ERRORS" CONTEST WINNERS

(From August Issue)

David Johnson, 14, Flagler Beach, Fla.
Debbie Tramonte, 15, Baton Rouge, La.
Kathy Weeks, 13, Clinton, N. C.
Linda Buchanan, 15, Bristol, Tenn.
Debbie Marquart, 9, Napoleon, N. Dak.

BEACH BOYS PIN-UP AND LP CONTEST

(From July Issue)

15 winners receive Beach Boy pin-ups
and their latest LP *Pet Sounds*.

BEATLES MEDALLION CONTEST

(From July Issue)

10 lucky readers receive a sterling silver
medallion from the Beatles.

HERMAN'S HERMITS LION AND GOODIES CONTEST

(From July Issue)

Gaye Nell Piercy, 13, Castle Rock,
Wash. Gaye receives a stuffed lion, and

a bag of gifts from Herman. She named
her lion "Leorocious."

"FIVE ERRORS" CONTEST WINNERS

(From July Issue)

Jane Igo, 12, Cambridge, Mass.
Jeanne Oliver, 11, Gadsden, Ala.
Robbie Thomas, 12, Scottsbluff, Neb.
Susan Ashe, 8, N. Penobscot, Maine
Laurie Coles, 14, Post Falls, Idaho

LIST OF NEW 16 CLUB MEMBERS

Laura Dorosz.....Glen Burnie, Md.
Millie Brown.....Dresden, Ont., Canada
Theresa M. Garafalo.....Utica, N. Y.
Sandy Bloom.....Youngstown, Ohio
Linda Michaels.....Independence, Mo.
Cindy Vargo.....Alpha, N. J.
Nancy Kaschak.....Larksville, Pa.
Kathy Dunn.....Long Island City, N. Y.
Robert Hodge.....Chicago, Ill.
Elizabeth Brinkman.....Hayward, Calif.
Linda Lynch.....Detroit, Mich.
Doris Bennefield.....Detroit, Mich.
Connie Goldy.....Delran, N. J.
Patricia A. Power.....Haverhill, Mass.
Roberta Ennis.....Barre, Vt.
Lolly Gottlieb.....New Hyde Park, N. Y.
Denise Jorgensen.....Merrill, Wisc.
Pattie Moser.....Mt. Ephraim, N. J.
Marilyn Saewert.....Chicago, Ill.
Joanne Jansing.....Waco, Texas
Vicki Ronlund.....Crescent City, Calif.
Priscilla Marilyn Shee.....San Francisco, Calif.
Peggy Pember.....Louisville, Ky.
Sandra Tucker.....Fort Benning, Ga.
Eloise Wendler.....Racine, Wisc.
Colleen Griffith.....Denver, Colo.
Elaine Johnson.....Colbert, Ga.
Debby Kaplan.....Bronx, N. Y.
Eilene Malanaphy.....Portland, Ore.
Kristine Christianson.....Mohler, Wash.
Mary H. McDaniel.....Dover, Del.
Joyce Ogawa.....Altadena, Calif.
Jane Ashdown.....Des Moines, Iowa

Janet Hui.....Manila Philippines
Donna Sue Smith.....University City, Mo.
Sandra Smith.....Springfield, Ky.
Carol Sodano.....Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Maria Somma.....So. Norwalk, Conn.
Vivian Demming.....Reading, Pa.
Marie Bahryczuk.....Chicago, Ill.
Susan Topchov.....Warren, Mich.
Lynda Kalinoski.....Puritan, Pa.
Jane McCarthy.....Weatherford, Texas
Clare Breunig.....Edgewater, N. J.
Bonnie Brake.....Baltimore, Md.
Shelley Bernheisel.....Weed, Calif.
Kimberly Krebs.....Chicago, Ill.
Cyndy Smedberg.....Rockford, Ill.
Sherry Williamson.....Southgate, Mich.
Donna Ashton.....Baltimore, Md.
Christine Frangos.....Islip, L. I., N. Y.
Janis Distelhorst.....Burlington, Iowa
Margaret Asuka.....Honolulu, Hawaii
Linda Robey.....Baltimore, Md.
Dick Bond.....Franklin, Ohio
Mary Hall.....Sterling, Colo.
Judy Wald.....Cleveland, Ohio
Cathy Derider.....Rochester, N. Y.
Nancy Stacy.....Long Beach, Calif.
Diane Vrana.....Bronx, N. Y.
Carla Badini.....Sag Harbor, N. Y.
Lynda Harrington.....Van Nuys, Calif.
Patty Latham.....Houston, Texas
Joan Steiner.....Lancaster, Ohio
Margie Lee.....San Antonio, Texas
Kathy Rotolo.....Rome, N. Y.
Gail Bankston.....Macon, Ga.
Nancy Martinson.....Woodland, Calif.
Bonnie Parker.....Torrance, Calif.
Nancy Shute.....Abington, Pa.
Penny Levy.....New Hyde Park, N. Y.
Bonnie Boswick.....Bronx, N. Y.
Diane M. Wilhelm.....Mascoutah, Ill.
Mickey Wieland.....Chesterland, Ohio
Clarice Kitchen.....Columbus, Ohio
Joan Eason.....Roswell, Ga.
Anne Diemer.....Jeffersonstown, Ky.
Sylvia Guidicelli.....Detroit, Mich.
Laurie Gelman.....Dayton, Ohio
Kathy Weathers.....Shelby, No. Car.
Alene Gording.....Johnstown, Pa.
Kathy Heagney.....Rochester, N.Y.
Cynthia Davis.....Baldwinsville, N.Y.
Patsy Lee.....St. Catharines, Ont. Canada
Nancy Matthews.....Brooklyn, N.Y.
Kathy Lofflin.....Laurel, Md.

YOU can be a STAR MAKER!

Write the names of your two top favorites in each category in the spaces provided on this ballot. Then write your own name, age and address, cut out the ballot and mail it to 16 Magazine. Not only will your vote help to determine which stars we will feature in 16, but you can help make your favorites bigger and brighter stars! November, 1966

MY TWO FAVORITE MALE MOVIE STARS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE FEMALE MOVIE STARS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE MALE TV STARS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE FEMALE TV STARS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE FEMALE SINGERS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE MALE SINGERS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE GROUPS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE NEWCOMERS ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE STORIES IN THIS ISSUE ARE:

1.
2.

MY TWO FAVORITE PIN-UPS ARE:

1.
2.

MY NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

Mail this coupon to:

"BALLOTS"

16 MAGAZINE • 745 FIFTH AVE. • N. Y., N. Y. 10022

SALLY FIELD'S Sad Good-by

"The worst day in my entire life was the day I learned that *Gidget* was discontinued," Sally Field said quietly. "I still get tears in my eyes when I think about it."

For Sally, who was a non-professional until she was accidentally spotted and put into ABC-TV's *Gidget* series, her TV family was like a "second" family. "In some ways I was closer to them than I was to my real folks," she recalls. "I mean, you work with them all day for five days a week and you spend so much *time* with them—and they were all so wonderful to me." Sally couldn't go on.

"She fell apart," Sally's lovely mom, Maggie Mahoney, chimed in. "Being on *Gidget* was the happiest year of her life, and when she was told it was cancelled she thought her whole world was coming to an end. Sally cries a lot, anyway—and when it happened, we thought she would *never* pull out of it."

"Sally WAS *Gidget*," her dad Jock said. "There was really no difference between the two girls."

To add to her depression, Sally and her steady boy friend broke up. These were truly black days for her. Even her sister Princess (who is like her best girl friend, too) couldn't pull Sally out of the doldrums.

Since there is nothing in the world better than a new romance to bring the sparkle back into *any* girl's smile, Sally was truly lucky when Cupid chose to shoot its arrow her way—just at this low point in her life. Enter new boy friend: He is Mike Hull, a big, handsome football player from the University of Southern California. Suddenly, Sally was dating again. Soon, she was back into a "group." She made groovey new friends and got a new outlook on things.

Recently, Sally "former-*Gidget*" Field added three more dimensions to her life. She started taking singing lessons (in secret hopes of someday becoming a great star like her idol, Julie Andrews), moved into her very own apartment two blocks from her parents' home (she commutes in her new sports car convertible), and she has got a co-starring role in Columbia's new epic film, *The Way West* (with Kirk Douglas and Robert Mitchum).

So, things don't look so glum for sweet Sally, after all. In fact, her sad farewell to *Gidget* has turned out to be her happy hello to a brand-new and very promising future.



NEW pin-ups!

GIANT size!

FULL color!

Talk about 3 top names! Talk about pin-ups that all your gang will talk about! And they're all yours — in big beautiful living color — each pin-up 1½ feet high — **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with your subscription of 12 issues of 16! By subscribing — instead of buying at a newsstand — you'll get your copy two weeks ahead of everybody who doesn't subscribe! But don't wait. Send this coupon with your \$3 right away! You'll have the jump on everyone!

NOV. 1966

I want to subscribe to 16 Magazine and get my copy two weeks ahead of everybody who waits to buy it at a newsstand. Please send me the next 12 issues **AND** please send me immediately the life-size color pin-ups absolutely free! I enclose \$3.00.

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of this magazine
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Herman and the Hermits!

Paul Revere and The Raiders!

Beatles in Wonderland!

last-minute FLASHES!

BY THE TIME the press gets through distorting quotes from famous young stars — the young stars sometimes come out sounding like young hoods! JOHN LENNON expressed his dismay that we live in a world where people display more enthusiasm for the Beatles than they do for religion. What he meant was that this did not speak well for the future of our Western civilization. Don't have to tell you how his words were twisted around to make him sound blasphemous and heretical. I admire JOHN for not lowering himself to argue it out with the scandal-mongering mags and press who deliberately mis-used his message to step up that old sagging circulation. Meanwhile, back at the dairy, JOHN took it all with a grain of salt — I mean, a bottle of milk. How's that for a priceless pic? ... NAPOLEON XIV's real name is LOUIS MCGREGOR, and I hope we'll be hearing more jolly inanities from him like

his recent hit, *They Are Coming To* etc. . . . REVERE & RAIDERS, who are America's top musical group (tomorrow the world?), gave a stupendous show at the Lambertville Music Circus and then happily posed with emcee HY LIT of Philly's WIBG (he's cute, too) . . . JANE ASHER will come to America in January with the Bristol (England) Old Vic Company to do an American tour presenting Shakespearean plays. They open January 16 in Boston . . . SAJID KAHN and JAY NORTH, co-stars of MGM's *Maya*, hope to do another movie together . . . If you think *Batman* cut it, hold still for *Alias*, *The Owl*—he really wipes it out. Soon comin' your way—all stations stay alert! . . . JAMES BROWN is too too much. Don't you know that he's gone and got himself a Lear jet! Hey, baby — please take me for a ride! . . . Here's a pic of DONOVAN

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66



The great life spirit of Lenny Bruce has moved on to another place. We were all so very fortunate to be here when he passed through.

G.S.



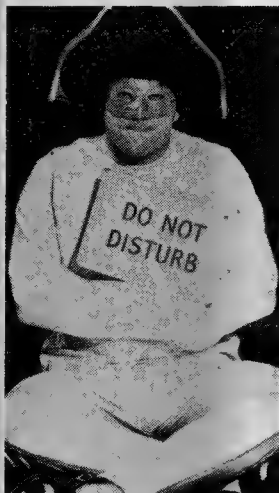
Guess who?



Sajid & Jay



Jane



Napoleon XIV



Alias, The Owl



Hy Lit & Friends

50 ALL-STAR ADDRESSES

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Radio City Station
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PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS

ABC-TV Center
Hollywood, Calif.

RASCALS

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BEACH BOYS

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Hollywood, Calif.

SONNY & CHER

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HOLLIES

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NOW YOU CAN ANSWER questions about the Beatles that no one else in your crowd can! This fabulous new book **ALL ABOUT US** gives you a whole new picture of George, Paul, Ringo and John—as seen by their parents, their girlfriends, their Liverpool pals. It makes you a *true part* of the Beatles' fun-filled life. Simply mail this coupon—with a dollar bill—and you're "in".

NOVEMBER 1966

Please send me 16's new Beatle book, *All About Us!*
I am enclosing a one-dollar bill.

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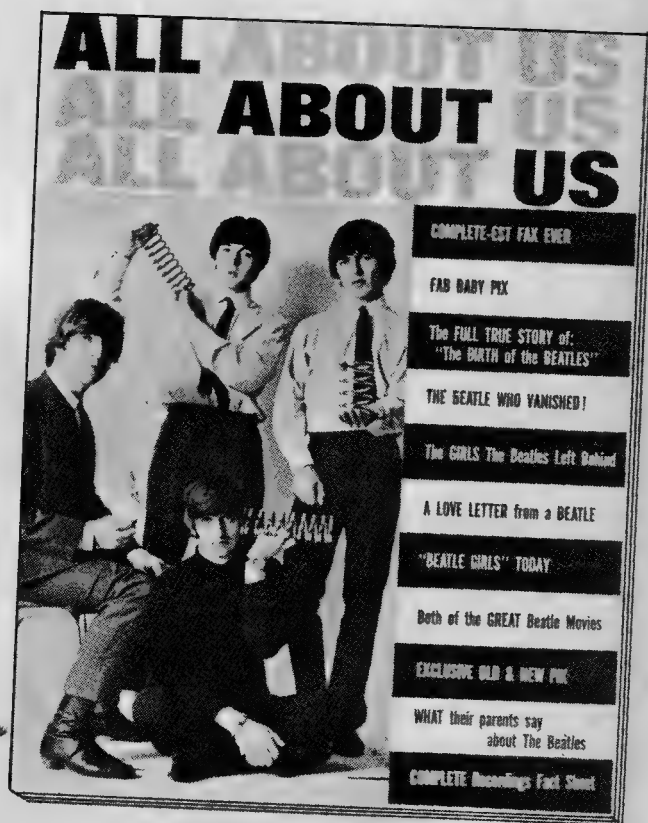
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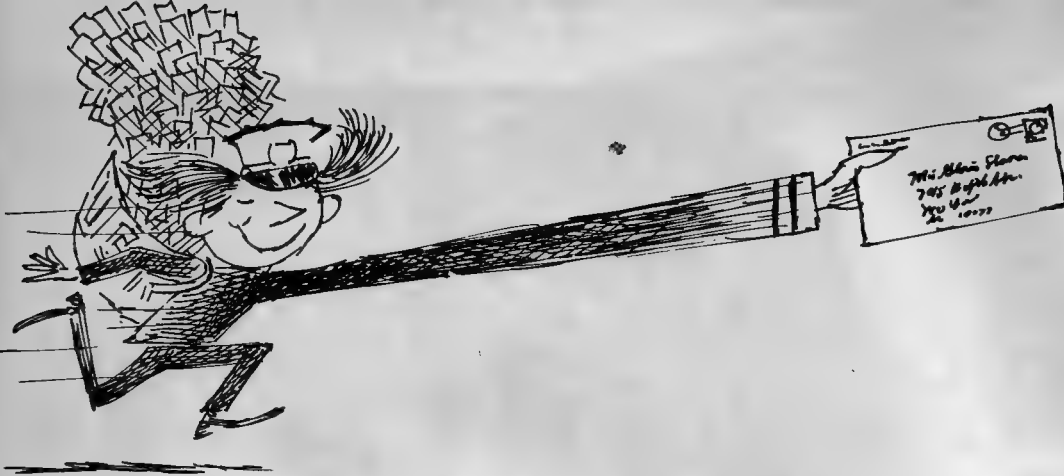
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YOU'RE TELLING ME!

FROM GLORIA STAVERS

I want to assure each and every one of you who has ever written a letter to me, at 16 Magazine, that every single letter is read and that careful consideration is given to everything you write. I'm sure you understand that there isn't enough space in my magazine for me to publish every letter and that there simply isn't enough time for me to answer every letter personally. But please know that I'm deeply grateful to you for writing me and that I appreciate every suggestion and criticism you address to me.

Dear Gloria,

I am swamped with English readers—boys and girls between the ages of 13 and 17—who are very anxious to get American pen friends, or pen pals as you call them. If you have any readers who would like an English pen pal, have them send a self-addressed envelope and an International Reply Coupon (not stamps, as your stamps are no good here) to the address below. International Reply Coupons can be obtained at any U.S. Post Office.

Pen Mate Circle
Fabulous-208
Fleetway House
Farringdon St.
London E.C. 4, England.

Thank you,
Unity Hall

Fabulous Magazine
London, Eng.

• Dear Unity,

Will do same with great pleasure. Get ready for the deluge!

Dear Miss Stavers,

GeeGee wrote that MARK LINDSAY just moved into a home in Beverly Hills with TERRY MELCHER. Help—who on earth is TERRY? I'm jealous!

Greta Diamond

Chicago, Ill.

• Dear Greta,

Cool it! TERRY MELCHER (who is the son of DORIS DAY and MARTY MELCHER) produces records for Columbia—including those of the RAIDERS. He and MARK have long been buddies.

Dear Miss Stavers,

I have just finished reading my 16's Sweetheart Book, and if there is a Cloud one million and 69, I am on it. How can I ever thank you enough for bringing me so close to my loved ones—especially DINO, MARK and PAUL?

Freida Schwartz

New York City

• Dear Freida,

So happy you are happy. Any other happiness seekers should fast turn to Page 51.

Dear Miss Stavers,

I just saw ALEX CORD in Stagecoach and I flipped over him. Where can

I write to him?

Spokane, Wash.

Brenda Smith

• Dear Brenda,

Write to appetizing ALEX at Columbia Pictures, Hollywood, Calif. He'll be more than pleased.

Dear Miss Stavers,

I saw the grooviest guy in the Dairy Queen commercial! He looked a little like HERMAN. Do you know who he is?

Janet Barker

Dallas, Tex.

• Dear Janet,

His name is DANNY PARKS and he is a non-professional who is from Los Angeles. From the amount of mail you 16 friends wrote me on him, he must be something else. Hey, DANNY — why don't you get in touch with me? Who knows — a show-biz career may await you!

Dear Miss Stavers,

I went bonkers over DAVID WESTON when I saw him on The Legend Of Young Dick Turpin on TV. Do you know where I can write to him?

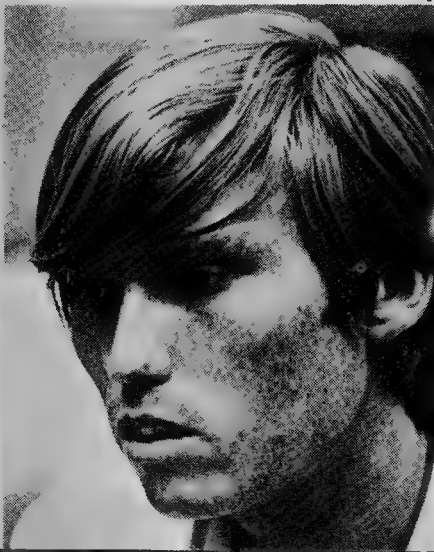
Janet Pillman

St. Louis, Mo.

• Dear Janet,

Here is a pic of DAVID. Try writing to him in care of Disney Studios, Burbank, Calif. Mark all letters "Please Forward."

Terry



Alex



David



ATTENTION ALL SWINGING 16-ERS!

Ever have trouble getting 16 at your newsstand? Ever feel like having a fit when you find out the last copy has just been sold? Ever hear your girl friends tell you they can't find 16 in their neighborhood?

Well, you can help out and put an end to this ridiculous situation. Just fill in this coupon, cut it out and send it along with whatever else you are sending to 16. The problem will promptly be taken care of—and 16 will be oh, so grateful to YOU!

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TO ALL OUR FOREIGN READERS!

Any foreign reader who wishes to subscribe to 16 Magazine, or join the 16 Club, or order any of the special items advertised in 16, can obtain American money orders at any bank or any American Express Company office in her (or his) city. DO NOT SEND INTERNATIONAL COUPONS TO 16 MAGAZINE.

A foreign reader may subscribe to 16 Magazine (12 issues) for \$6—unless the reader lives in Canada, in which case the cost is \$3.

HEY THERE, Subscriber!

If you move or change your address, send us this coupon—so that you will not miss several issues of 16.

PLEASE PRINT

My new address is:

Street _____

City _____ State _____

My old address is:

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Signed _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Dear Miss Stavers,

I just got my *All Star Fax Book* and *shazam!* It's the coolest! I opened it and went apples. Thanks a bundle.

Deborah Tussay

Cleveland, O.

• Dear Deborah,

You are a hip little dolly girl! If there are others out in 16-land who wish to join Deborah, they should fast turn to Page 21.

Dear Miss Stavers,

I heard on the radio that MIKE SMITH of the DC5 is married. Please tell me—a loyal DC5 fan—if this is true.

June Heim

Sayville, N.Y.

• Dear June,

Here is a direct quote from MIKE himself: "If I ever become engaged or married, the whole world is going to know about it. Most of the girls whose names are linked with mine are passing acquaintances, and I am not even going steady." O.K., honey-pot?

Dear Miss Stavers,

In the September issue of 16 I read Cathy Little's criticism of the BEATLES and nearly flipped! How can she put them down. The BEATLES are beautiful and wonderful. I think she is a disgrace, and it's a good thing you didn't print her home address!

Susan Goshen

Sausalito, Calif.

Dear Miss Stavers,

I love the STANDELLS and I want to know where I can write to them.

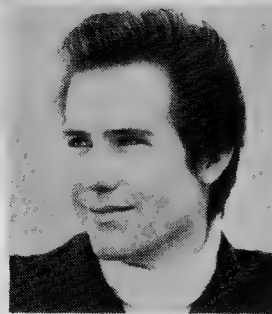
Patsy Keathley

N. Little Rock, Ark.

• Dear Patsy,

You can write to the STANDELLS at 233 S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.

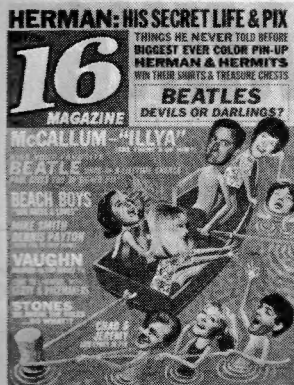
Standells



Bobby Fuller was like a ray of sunshine — he brought joy and warmth to all he came in touch with. On July 18th his beautiful light was tragically snuffed out. His body was found on the front seat of his car in front of his Hollywood home. He was dead. There is no rhyme nor reason to such a disaster. It is over. All we know is that the world will never be quite as bright as it was before. We miss you, Bobby.

16 CLUB SECRET CODE MESSAGE

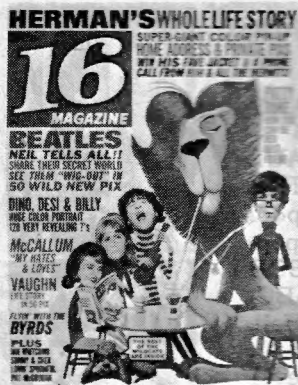
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In SEPT. 1965 issue you get Herman's Secret Life and Pix plus a color pin-up of him and Hermits; and fab features on McCallum, Beatles, Beach Boys, Stones, Chad & Jeremy, etc.!



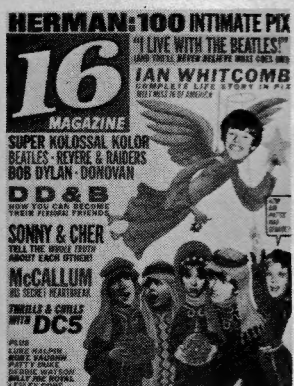
In OCT. 1965 issue you learn the truth about the Beatles' girls, Herman confesses his hates and luvvs, Stones reveal 100 sizzling secrets, Chad and Jeremy answer 80 snoopy questions, etc., etc.!



In NOV. 1965 issue 'ermans WHOLE life story plus super giant pin-up of 'im! 50 wild pix of the Beatles. Color portrait (large) of D.D. & B. Fly with the Byrds! More, more like the most!



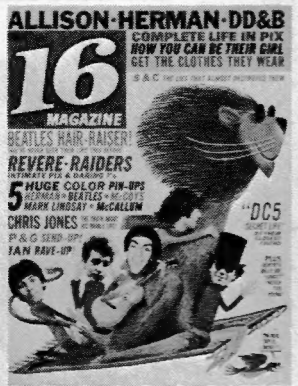
In DEC. 1965 issue Neil reveals red-hot secrets of the Beatles, Herman's Hermits tell all on each other, Sonny & Cher answer 100 ?s, Chris Jagger squeals on the Stones, and there are color pin-ups galore!



The JAN. 1966 issue has 100 pix of 'erman (intimate)! Super Kolossal Kolor of the Beatles, R. & Raiders, Dylan & Donovan! Sonny & Cher tell about each other! The secret heartache of McCallum plus much mucha more!



In FEB. 1966 issue you get the life story and 100 pix of Dino, Desi & Billy; McCallum's life story; an inside secret story on Sonny & Cher; huge color pin-ups of Stones, Vaughn, Pitney; and much, much more!



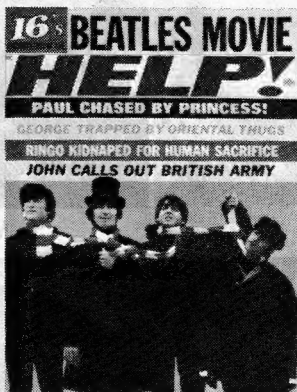
In MAR. 1966 issue are 50 wild pix and 50 secrets of the Beatles, color pin-ups of DD&B, Sonny & Cher, Elvis, Chris Jones, the DC5 answer 55 questions, and Fang, Revere, Mark, Smitty and Drake tell all on each other!



IN APR. 1966 issue you get color pin-ups of Herman, Beatles, Mark Lindsay, McCoys and McCallum, the secret life of the DC5, intimate pix of Revere & Raiders, a P & G send-up, and an Ian rave-up!



In Winter SPEC '66 you get Herman, Dino, Beatles, Allison, DC5 in color pin-ups, 50 pix of Revere & Raiders, and fab features and photos on Sonny & Cher, Peter & Gordon, Stones, McCallum-Vaughn — plus home addresses and more exclusive treats!



16's Presentation of the Beatles Movie HELP! is the un-cut, full-length story of this fabulous film. And you get seven super-terrific color portraits of the boys! It's a souvenir booklet you can't miss!

Please send me the magazines I have checked. I ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR EACH COPY.

NOV. 1966

- September 1965 issue of "16" ☐
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 December 1965 issue of "16" ☐
 January 1966 issue of "16" ☐
 February 1966 issue of "16" ☐
 March 1966 issue of "16" ☐
 April 1966 issue of "16" ☐

- Beatles Movie Help ☐
 16's Winter SPEC '66 ☐

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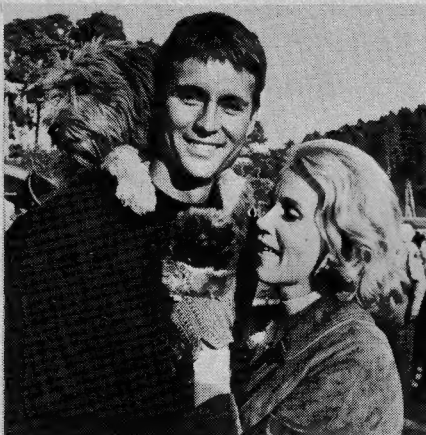
with his buddy, **GYPSY DAVE** (real name **DAVID MILLS**) for all you Donovanites who requested it . . . They are coming to take **GARY LEWIS** away on December 5 — Uncle Sam's Army, that is . . . **PAUL McCARTNEY**'s brother, **MIKE McGEAR**, still revisits Liverpool quite often and is tremendously popular there . . . Look forward to **BOB RANDOM**'s feature role in ABC-TV's *Iron Horse* series this fall. Should be a straightout winner . . . Not to mention (hey-hey-hey-hey!) those unbelievable groovey *Monkees*, featuring my buddy, **DAVY JONES**, and starring **MIKE "WOOL HAT" NESMITH**.

JOHN PHILLIP LAW, who blew everybody's minds by walking away with *The Russians Are Coming*, has gone and captured the lead in Preminger's *Hurry Sundown*. Unfortunately, his marvelous doggie "Goofus" will not be featured in *Sundown*. An oversight on the producer's part, no doubt . . . **HARVEY LEE YEARLY** is the real name of **LEE MAJORS**. He was adopted and is proud of it . . . Don't miss **MIKE ANDERSON, JR.**'s starring bit on ABC-TV's new wild West adventure series, *The Monroes* . . . He also just got hitched to TV starlet **VIKKI HARRINGTON** . . . Watch out for **JOHN & ANN**, who call themselves **TUESDAY'S CHILDREN**. They not only sing real pretty, but they look real same.

BY GEEGEE



Monkees



"Goofus" & John & Eva

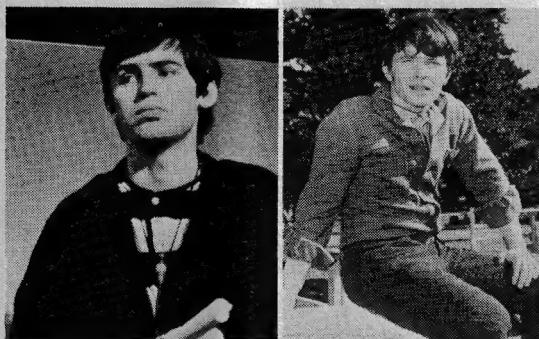


Gypsy & Don



Lee

Mike A.



Mike McGear

Bob Random



John & Ann

COMING attractions

IT'S WHOOPS time again AT THE 16 CORRAL and you're gonna get thrown right into orbit WHEN you see the ULTRA-OUTASITE December issue of 16! LIKE, IT'S right OUT of this galaxy.

HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE GOODIES COMING YOUR WAY:

MARK LINDSAY
INVITES YOU TO HIS HOME!

HARPO SQUEALS ON HIS
NEW BUDDIES THE RAIDERS

BEATLES
FANTASTIC EXCLUSIVE NEW PIX

DINO, DESI & BILLY PIX
LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE

SONNY & CHER'S HATES & LOVES

WORLD'S LARGEST COLOR PIN-UP
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PLUS ALL THE LATEST
TRUE INSIDE SCOOPS ON
THE DAVE CLARK 5

MONKEES
BEACH BOYS
McCALLUM

And all the other young superstars

BE SURE TO PICK UP YOUR
December issue of 16 at your
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Keith xxx

LOVE
HERMAN.

Best
Buddy
[Signature]

[Signature]

Karl

EXCLUSIVE
16 COLOR
PIN-UP



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John

Ringo

Paul